

Malice Defeated :

Or a Brief Relation of the Accufation and Deliverance of

Elizabeth Cellier,

Wherein her Proceedings both before and during her Confinement, are particularly Related, and the Mystery of the *Meal-Tub* fully discovered

Together with an Abstract of her Arraignment and Tryal, written by her self, for the satisfaction of all Lovers of undisguised Truth.



Pfal. 35. 11. 12. False witnesses did rise up against me, they laid to my charge things that I knew not.

They rewarded me Evil for Good, to the spoiling of my Soul.

Pfal. 7. 14. 16. Behold he Travellcth with Iniquity, and conceived Mischief, and brought forth Falsehood.

His Mischief shall return upon his own Head, and his violent Dealing shall come down upon his own Pate.

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Accusation and Deliverance

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Elizabeth Cellier.

I Hope it will not seem strange to any Honest and Loyal Person, of what way or Religion soever, that I being born and bred up under Protestant Parents, should now openly profess my self of another Church.

For my Education being in those times, when my own Parents and Relations, for their Constant and Faithful *Affection to the King and Royal Family, were persecuted*, the King himself Murthered, the Bishops and Church destroyed, the whole *Loyal Party meerly for being so, oppress'd and ruin'd*; and all as was pretended by the Authors of these Villanies, for their being Papists and Idolaters, the constant Character given by them *to the King and his Friends to make them odious*, they assuming to themselves only the Name of Protestants, making that the Glorious Title by which they pretended Right to all things.

These sort of Proceedings, as I grew in understanding, produced in me more and more horiour of the Party that committed them, and put me on Inquiry into that Religion, to which they pretended the greatest Antipathy, wherein I thank God, I found my Innate Loyalty, not only confirm'd, but encourag'd; and let *Calumny say what it will*, I never heard from any Papist, as they call them, *Priest nor Lay-man*, but that they and I, and all true Catholics, owe our Lives to the defence of our Lawful King, which our present Sovereign *Charles the Second* is, whom God long and happily preserve so.

These sorts of Doctrines agreeing to my Publick Morals, and no way as ever I was taught, contradicting my Private ones, commending at the same time to me, Charity and Devotion, I without any scruple, have hitherto followed, glorying to my self to be in Communion with those who were the humble Instruments of His Majesties happy Preservation, from the fatal Battel at *Worcester*, and whom though poor, no Temptation could envite, to betray him to those, who, by a pretended Protestant Principle, sought his Innocent Blood.

These Truths I hope, may satisfy any indifferent person in my first Change, nor can they wonder at my continuance therein, notwithstanding the Horrid Crimes of Treason and Murther laid to the Charge of some persons

persons considerable, for their Quality and Fortunes in that Party. For when I reflected ~~who were the Witnesses~~, and what unlikely things they deposed and observed, that many of the chiefest Sticklers for the Plot, were those, or the Sons of those, that acted the principal parts in the last Tragedy, which History told me too, had the Prologue of a pretended Popish Plot.

I say, these things made me doubtful of the whole; and the more I search'd for Truth, the more I doubted that the old Enemies of the Crown were again at work for its destruction.

I being fully confirm'd in this, thought it my duty through all sorts of hazards to relieve the poor imprison'd Catholicks, who in great numbers were lock'd up in Goals, starving for want of Bread; and this I did some Months before I ever saw the Countess of *Ponk*, or any of those Honourable persons that were accused, or receiving one penny of their money directly or indirectly, till about the latter end of *January* (78.) the Prisoners increasing very much, and being in great wants, I went at the request of Captain *Pugh* then in prison, with his Letter to her Ladyship, to make known their condition, and also to shew her a Letter written by *Titus Oates* his own hand, being

A Narrative

Of *Oates* and *Beddo's* Acquaintance in *Spain*, and how *Beddo* under the Name of the Lord *Gerrard*, robb'd *Oates* of ten pieces of Eight, which he said was all he had, and had quite undone him. And also, how *Beddo* cheated Master *Franchlyn* the Merchant at *Bilbo*, of three hundred Doubloons, at 18 s. per Doubloon, and in his way to *Bruges*, robb'd a poor Priest of four Royals, which he says, is about Eight pence *English*, and cruelly beat him because he had no more money, and after that, the same day, robb'd a poor *Franciscan* Fryar of his Bread and Cheese, and that there were Writs out in the nature of an Hue and Cry to take him; and that the said *Oates*, though quite ruined by the loss of his money, yet was not half so much griev'd at it, as for the dishonour that was thereby done to the whole *English* Nation.

This Letter was read before the King and Council the last time Master *Medborn* was brought thither, and by him delivered to his Grace the Duke of *Lantherdale*, in whose hand it still remains.

I also gave her Ladyship an account, that the most part of the foregoing year, *Beddo* lay prisoner in the Common side in the *Marshalseas*, and was fed out of the *Alms-basket*, having sold his Linnen and other necessities to the Sutler for Bread and Drink.

After this her Ladyship taking the distressed condition of the Prisoners into her Consideration, through her pious and charitable Endeavours, there was a weakly Charity collected, of which I had the disposing, but was so far from the diverting any part thereof, that I still went out of *Pulse*, of which truth, both the Prisoners and others have been very sensible since my Imprisonment.

About this time I went daily to the Prisons, to perform those Offices of Charity I was obliged to. And on *Thursday*, *January* the 9th (78.) I Din'd in *Newgate*, in the Room called the *Castle* on the Masters Side Debtors,

Debtors, and about four in the Afternoon, I came down into the Lodge with five Women, of which, three were Protestants, and we all heard Terrible Groans and Squeeks which came out of the *Dungeon*, called the Condemn'd hole. I asked *Harris* the Turnkey, what doleful Cry it was, he said, it was a Woman in Labour. I bid him put us into the *Room* to her, and we would help her, but he drove us away very rudely, both out of the Lodge, and from the Door; we went behind the Gate, and there listened, and soon found that it was the voice of a strong man in Torture, and heard, as we thought, between his Groans, the winding up of some Engine: these Cries, stop'd the Passengers under the Gate, and we six went to the Turners Shop without the Gate, and stood there amazed with the Horror and Dread of what we heard; when one of the Officers of the Prison came out in great haste, seeming to run from the Noise,

One of us catcht hold of him, saying, Oh! What are they doing in the Prison.

Officer. I dare not tell you.

Mistress. It's a Man upon the Rack, Ile lay my Life on't.

Officer. It is something like it.

Cellier. Who is it *Prance*?

Officer. Pray Madam do not ask me, for I dare not tell ye, but it is that I am not able to hear any longer: Pray let me go, with that he run away toward *Holborn* as fast as he could.

We heard these Groans perfectly to the end of the *Old-Bale*; they continued till near seven of the Clock, and then a person in the Habit of a Minister, of middle Stature, gray hair'd, accompanied with two other men, went into the Lodge, the Prisoners were lock'd up, and the outward door of the Lodge also, at which I set a person to stand, and observe what she could; and a Prisoner loaded with Irons, was brought into the Lodge, and examin'd a long time, and the Prisoners that came down as low as they could, heard the person examin'd with great Vehemency, say often, I know nothing of it, I'm Innocent: he forc'd me to belye my self, What would you have me say? Will you murder me because I will not belye my self and others?

Several other such like Expressions they heard spoken as by one in great Agoney. About four of the Clock the next morning, the Prisoners that lay in a place above the Hole, heard the same Cry again two hours, and on Saturday Morning again, and about eight a Clock that morning a person I employ'd to spy out the Truth of that Affair, did see the Turnkeys carrying a Bed into the Hole, she asked who it was for, they told her it was for *Prance*, who was gone Mad, and had tore his bed in pieces. That Night the Examiners came again, and after an hours Conference, *Prance* was led away to the *Pres-yard*: This, and many things of the like Nature, made me very Inquisitive to know what pass'd in the Prison.

Soon after this, *Francis Corral* a Coach-man, that had been put into *Newgate*, upon Suspition of carrying away *Sir Edmund-bury-Godfrey's* body and lay there 13 weeks and three days in great Misery, got out, I went to see him, and found him a sad Spectacle, having the Flesh worn away, and great Holes in both his Legs, by the weight of his Irons. And having been Chain'd so long double, that he could not stand upright; he told me much of his hard and cruel Usage, as that he had been squeez'd and hasped into

a thing like a Trough in a Dungeon under ground; which put him to inexpressible Torment, insomuch that he foonded, and that a person in the Habit of a Minister, stood by all the while. That a Duke beat him, pull'd him by the Hair, and set his drawn Sword to his Breast three times, and swore he would run him through; and another great Lord, laid down a heap of Gold, and told him it was five hundred pounds, and that he should have it all, and be taken into the aforesaid Duke's House, if he would confess what they would have him; and one F. a Vinter, that lives at the Sign of the half-moon in Ch-sh, by whose Comtrivance he was accus'd, took him aside, and bid him name some Person, and say, they imploy'd him to take up the dead body in Somerset-yard, and gave him money for so doing; that if he would do this, both F. and he, should have money enough. He also told me, that he was kept from Thursday till Sunday without Victuals or Drink, having his hands every Night chain'd behind him, and being all this time lock'd to a Staple which was driven into the Floor, with a Chain not above a Yard long, that in this great Extremity, was forc'd to drink his own Water; and that the Jaylor beat his Wife, because she brought Victuals, and prayed that he might have it, and threw Milk on the Ground, and bid her be gone, and not look at him, &c. For the Readers further Satisfaction of his great and cruel Sufferings, I refer to the Party himself now living in Gunpowder-alley in Shoe-lane, and well known by his Misfortunes.

After this, hearing that Mary White had been much abus'd, and though big with Child, several ways tortur'd in the Prison, and lay only for want of her Fees, I paid them, hoping to find out the Truth by that means, she told me of many Cruelties that were daily used in the Goal, and that there was a person there that by Misfortune had been catch'd in the Company of Coyners, and though wholly innocent, had been cruelly used, because, as she said, he was a Catholick, and for a week together had worn a pair of Sheers that weighed forty pound, because he would not go up to the Chappel. That this person had made it his Business to inspect the Usage of the Prisoners, and had drawn up Articles against the Keepers.

About the tenth of April (79) I went to the Grate at Newgate, to speak with him, he was in Irons and Raggs, and said his name was Willoughby, and that he was Nephew to a person of Quality I knew of that name; And with great bemoanings told me that being just come from Flanders, he was lodg'd by Chance in a house where Coyners lodg'd; he was taken among them on Suspition, and though acquitted at the Sessions, yet the Disgrace had so displeas'd his Uncle, that he would do nothing for him, and he having no Parents nor Friends, was in great Danger of perishing there, and in very humble and religious words begg'd my Charity, and gave me the following

Articles

A Brief Account of the Tyrannical Barbarisme inflicted on the Kings Prisoners in His Majesties Goal of Newgate.

THe detaining of Prisoners for Fees without limitation, and may till Death yield more favour than a stupified Jaylor, and all this after they have taken the benefit of his Majesties Most Gracious Free Pardon.

The taking 3 s. 6 d. per week for Lodging when the Statute allows but 2 d. per night or thereabouts, which if not paid, the persons indebted must immediately to the Common-side, and there be detained (as many have been) till they are starved, notwithstanding their being acquitted by Proclamation in open Court.

The shackling and lading of all persons committed with Irons, whose weight is without pity (from the Jaylor) to the intent they should give Sums of Money to purchase particular ease, which all persons cannot do, and those (of all) are most miserable.

The mercenary Intrigues of the Jaylor, which are beyond the thoughts of Christians, are thus, when any Prosecutor comes to view a prisoner in custody, and knows him to be the person for whom he sought, the prisoner is by the Jaylor forthwith sent for, who questions his ability, and if he finds sufficient to satisfy his Avarice, he promises to secure him with Life against Justice, by virtue of his Interest in the Recorder, but if poor, joyns with the Prosecutor to the same intent, either to the hazard of the Prisoners life, or at least a tedious Confinement.

The unlegal detaining of another sort of persons which have pleaded His Majesties Pardon of Transportation, and according to the form thereof have given in Bail to Transport themselves in 8 months, which is the time limited in the said Pardon, which persons, notwithstanding their being bail'd, are still detained, and often till the time be expired, which makes the Jaylors Market with the Merchant, and enslaves the persons, or at least creates Vice instead of Reformation, and converts the Money to his own Use.

The debarring Prisoners liberty of Conscience, and compelling them to go 3 or 4 pair of Stairs to Chappel, (as the Jaylor calls it) but as it will otherwise appear to be seen by Strangers, (through Grates like the Lions at the Tower) who give money to the Jaylor for the same, which persons are so severely tortured, that it is not to be thought, and that with such Irons as (in Jaylors language) are called Shears, which are in weight 40 or 50 and a yard in length, with one Legg fixed at one end, and the other at the other end, which barbarous Engine produces such Torture, that the persons on smooth ground can move but 3 or 4 inches at a time, this is his pretence to secure his Prisoners.

The putting of persons which are Debtors to the Crown, in the place he used to secure Condemned Prisoners, and that for not writing this following Supercription on a Letter (To the Worshipsful William Richardson Esquire)

Mary Middleton.
Susan Wallice.
T. Willoughby.

Mary White.
Mary Middleton.
John Whitehand.
Robert Ball.
James Douglas.
T. Willoughby.

John Whitehand.
Mary White.
John Player.
Tho. Willoughby.

William Leigh.
Anne Sutton.
Tho. Willoughby.

Judeth Collingson.
Elizabeth Evans.
Mary Porter.
Tho. Willoughby.

Mary White,
and others.

Jane Middleton.
Mary White.
Charles Parker.
T. W.

To this part
T. W. only.

Jane Middleton.
Magdalen Clench.
Jof. Mallory.
T. W.

Esquire) there to be laden with Bolts, and continued without food or sustenance during the worshipful Jaylors pleasure.

*John Whiteband.
Mrs. Whiteband.
Elizab. Golding.
T. W.*

The separating a Wife from her Husband, and all manner of Friends and Relations, as well from sick persons as others, which they do to compel such persons as are desirous to see their Friends, to give money before they be admitted.

T.W. only to this.

That all persons whatsoever are carefully searched, as they come in, lest they should bring in such goods or provisions, as are by his Worship prohibited. And that he takes care with his Subbs, to be very diligent in such search, for the better creating a Vend for his own Goods, which are so bad, that it oftentimes breeds Distempers, and so small a quantity for money, that unless Prisoners are more than well stored with money, poverty strikes in, to their great detriment.

*Mary White.
Jane Middleton.
Joseph Mallory.
John Whiteband.
T. W.*

That about the 8th. of March last, a person whose name was Robert Thompson died, and is to be apparently made out, that it was for want of Food, as his Corps also signifies, which was an absolute Skeleton, and that within the space of 24 hours Contr. for, Stat. the Jaylor disposes of him as he thought most fit, and that without any Coroner to enquire of his Death, and to give an account of the said Subject to our Sovereign Lord the King, &c.

Dorothy Ramsey.

That the Jaylor ordered his Subbs to Punish or privately Torture with Thumb-screws, the person of Dorothy Ramsey, to the intent she should discover the manner of Owen Hurst's escape, who was her Husband.

*William Leigh.
Jane Middleton.
John Zeal.
T. W.*

The Jaylors Extortion on the Kings Prisoners, after his Majesty has of his Bounty and Goodness extended his gracious free Pardon, comes to the Prisoners inserted therein (the said Pardon Signed and Sealed) and tells, if they, or as many as can, will raise such a certain Sum, he will assure them a Pardon, others which cannot, are by his base juggling left only as Convicts for Transportation, and that for want of Money; thus are the Laws of the Realm, and his Majesties pleasure to his poor Subjects, violated, and to make the Jaylors Market, which is as usual with him, as with our most Clement Prince to extend his Mercy.

*Mary White the
Midwife.
Several Prisoners,
and others.*

The close Confinement of Prisoners without Relief or Sustenance, as particularly one Mary White, who for the space of seven weeks, was close confined from all Conversation, as well of Husband, as other near Relations; and not only burthened with excessive Irons on both Leggs, but for two days together, kept from any Victuals or other Sustenance; and after this, was by the Jaylors order, removed to a Room called the *Condemned Room*, and there for six weeks more kept with the Irons on her Leggs, and though big with Child to the Jaylors certain knowledge, yet did he cause her to be put in the Bilboes, and bolted her hands down to the Ground with Staples of a great bigness; by which inhumane and immoderate torments, she was so afflicted, that her Child died soon after it was born, occasioned, as Oath will be made by the usage aforesaid; and this done merely to enforce her to accuse her self and others of Crimes they imagined her and them guilty of.

That about a year since was in custody as a Convict for Transportation, one Elizabeth Evans, who had given in Bail to the Recorder to Transport her self, according to the form of the Pardon, but was so indebted to the

Jaylor,

Gaol, as he pretended, that she could not raise moneys for the same; whereupon *Richardson* sends for the said *Evans*, and often requested her to refer her self to him, (to the end he might make good his Markes with the Merchant) which she did, but when he brought a Master of a Vessel to take the said *Evans* away, she refused to go, and told the Gaoler, he promised to give her the Fees and turn her out; but that now she did perceive 'twas only to expose her to Sale, which she would not consent to, upon which refusal, the Jaylor forthwith ordered her to the Condemn'd Room, there to be double Iron'd, and kept without sustenance, or any converse, till his farther Order, which came not in two days, then he himself examined her again, whether she would consent, but she refused, and then the Jaylor thought fit to employ some other Engines of his Tyranny, amongst which, was a certain thing (by him called a Cap of Maintenance,) which was fix'd to her head with a thing like the Rowel of a Spur, being put into her Mouth, cleaves to the Roof with such extream Torture, that is not to be exprest; this the Woman endured several times, till at last, by making her Address to some good people, and telling the manner of her usage, they did contribute to the Gaolers demands, and so she with great difficulty obtained her Liberty.

That the Jaylor has suffer'd persons after a Commitment, to go forth with a Keeper and Steal, to the intent of satisfying his Avarice: upon which the said Prisoner was taken, and the second time committed without any discharge from the first Commitment.

The Persons whose Names are on the Margent, either are or have been Sufferers in this, or some part of this kind, which may be easily produced to give Testimony according to the Truth, and no more.

Jane Voss.
The Jaylor's own
Entries in his
Book of Commit-
ments for the 7th
Month in the year
1667.

These Articles were put into Parliament that *April*, and they with the Prisoners Case, were refer'd to the Judges, where they still remain; and the poor Prisoners are yet in hopes, that their Honours will find a time to Examine both, some there affirming, there have been many more cruel things acted in that Mansion of Horror, as the Story they tell of one Captain *Clarke*, who being Prisoner only for Debt, was lock'd up in a little dark hole two days and two Nights, having no other company but the Quarters of two Executed persons, the extream stench of which had perhaps kill'd him, had he not took the miserable relief of holding a foul Chamber-Pot to his Nose.

Upon my receipt of the Articles, I gave *Willoughby* two shillings six pence, for which he was very thankful, saying, *He had eaten nothing in two dayes*; and upon his frequent solicitations for Relief, I did send him at several times, whilst he was in *Newgate*, sixteen shillings, and no more, till the day he went out, and then I sent him money to pay his Fees by my Maid *Margaret Jenkins*, and did pay sixteen shillings by her hand to fetch his Coat out of Pawn.

And about that time, having been told by *Mr. Kemish*, then Prisoner in the Kings-Bench, that *William Stroud* there Prisoner, pretended to know much of the Plot, and had Papers in his Custody, that would proved *Beddo's* actions to be Villany, and a Letter of *Beddo's* own hand-writing, expressing he knew no more of the Plot, but what he had from his old acquaint-

rance Mr. Oates, nor did he ever see Sir Edmundbury Godfrey alive or dead, and that it was very easie for him the said Stroud, to be instructed, and become the Kings Evidence, if he were willing.

A Copy of this Letter Stroud gave to Mr. Keymisb, and I received it from him, he saying moreover, That Stroud told him, that the Earl of S. was instructing of him, and setting him up for a new Evidence, and in order to it, did daily send one Johnson a Servant of his Lordships, to meet him in the Lodge, as many persons are ready to testify upon Oath; and that the said Johnson frequently brought him money, with promises of Pardon for the Murther he was then Condemn'd for, and promised him *Great Preferments if he would swear stoutly* what he should be instructed in; but that the said Stroud said, he would not Forswear himself for all the world, but when he was Sworn for a Witness, he would tell the Truth, and discover all Beddo's Villany.

I believing this to be meer Roguery, invented to insnare Mr. Keymisb and Mr. Anderson, did pay Willoughbys alias Dangerfields Fees in Newgate, intending to set him upon the discovery of it, and he being at that Instant arrested, I removed him by Habeas-Corpus to the Kings Bench, and sent my Maid Margaret to him to bid him get acquainted with Stroud, and use his utmost Endeavour to obtain a sight of the Papers, and find out the truth of the transactions between the Earl of S----- and Stroud. Willoughby then acknowledged that he had been a Criminal, but exprest much sorrow for his past Crimes, and made great protestations of future Amendment, saying, that Stroud and he had been long acquainted, and that they often had been a Robbing together, and he doubted not to Effect what I desired. And in order to it, would keep him company, and every day set down what he could get out of him.

On the 12th of May he was carried to the Bench, and on the 20th sent me this following account of that affair by Margaret Jenkins.

May the 13th, Stroud did acquaint me, that about 15 years since he knew Bedlow, who was then servant to Alderman Blackwel of Bristol, and was so Poor, he had scarce Shooes and Stockings to his Feet; but Strode denies he ever see Bedlow since, till he and Oates came to the Kings-Bench to view the Prisoners, and since that Mr. Bedlow came with his Brother, who was the night after wounded. He denies the holding of any correspondence with Mr. Bedlow either by Letter or otherwise, but sayes that one Philip Marlb (who is either a friend or a Servant to Mr. Bedlow (is his friend) that is to say, Strodes friend) and that they said Phillip Marlb has often sent Letters to Strode, in which Letters it has been desired that the answers thereto should be left at Bedlows lodging; but the Contents of the said Letters either were not worth while to repeat, or he was unwilling so to do.

May the 14. 1679. Strode told me this day, that Bedlows occasion of giving him Money was to the intent he should conceal something he knew of Bedlow, which if discovered, would be of consequence enough to hang him, if prosecuted on the same; and the sums which Bedlow sent him were the greater, for that Strode should take particular notice of the behaviour of the Priests which are here, and who they did correspond with; which Strode has done, and has sent some to follow divers persons which hav

have come to Mr. *Anderson*, which persons and their abodes, are as *Strode* sayes, well enough known, and hereupon swore *Damn his soul*, if they should not be better known if ever he could obtain his liberty.

May the 15. *Strode* acquainted me, that either his business was either past, or in great probability so to be; and when he could get his enlargement, there were some in the world should soon feel the effects of his fury: But amongst the rest, Mr. *Anderson*, who as *Strode* said, was very uncertain of ever being so near his liberty; but if there be ever any probability for *Andersons* liberty, *Strode* makes no doubt but to prevent the same. By this I find *Strodes* thoughts to be laden with venome (as having been thwarted in his temper by some of the *Catholicks*) and to his power he designs a Revenge on them, but for what I know not.

May the 16. *Strode* did this day acquaint me, that his wife had in a *Cabinet* at home in the Country, the original papers which concerned Mr. *Bedlow*, and when he can be at liberty to go home, he will be very brisk in exposing the said matters contained in the said papers to a publick view; but whilst he remains in custody, he will not impart the said matters to any person whatsoever, for that he will not bring himself under Mr. *Bedlows* Lath.

May the 17. *Strode* did tell me, that one Mr. *Johnson* (a Servant to the Right Honourable Earl of *Shaftsbury*) did often come to visit him, and bring him *Guineyes*, in order to the prevailing with him for to joyn Evidence with *Bedlow*: but *Strodes* answer was (as he informed me) that he would not perjure himself for Ten thousand worlds.

May the 18. *Jones* (*Strodes* Bedfellow) did inform me, that he had this day seen in *Strodes* hands some papers which did contain the whole matter of the Popish Plott, in a more plain manner than either *Oats* or *Bedlow* could make out.

And that the Earl of *Shaftsbury's* servant (whose Name was Mr. *Johnson*) came often to *Strode*, to Court him to give his Testimony against the Lords in the Tower, and had offered *Strode* most considerable sums of money if he would do the same.

May the 19. *Jones* did tell me, *Strode* had in some discourse informed him, that *Bedlow* in the time of his Padding was entertained at *Strodes* house, and particularly when there had been a Robbery committed but a day before, and at the same time a Hue and Cry was all over the Country to apprehend him: And that it is not long since that *Strode* sent to his wife at *Shepton Mallet* in the County of *Somerset*, for the Copies of some Writings which were in her Custody, which said writings are the original of those he shewed *Jones*.

May the 20. *Jones* sayes, *Strode* has often prayed his advice what to do in a matter of such weighty Consequence as was to be made out from the aforesaid papers: *Jones* answered him, that in regard he was in Reversion of a good Estate, and had divers good and honourable Relations to support him, it would perhaps be much more both for his Credit and advantage to be silent in things of such a nature than to stir, unless he could make every particular thereof visible by a lively Testimony. Upon which Advice *Strode* did promise to let it fall, rather than run the hazard of disobliging his Relations and Friends, and become altogether obnoxious.

The foregoing informations, written by *Willoughby's* own hand, were found between the Pewter in my Kitchen by *Sir William Waller*, when he search'd my House, and by him carry'd before the Lords of the Council, and as the Father of Lyes did once tell truth, so he hath inserted this one truth in his lying Narrative. But since it is the reward of Lyes, not to be believ'd when they do tell truth: That he may be Credited this once, I Print the Copies of the four following Depositions, which with many more I have to the same purpose, do all confirm it.

Thomas Hill Gentleman maketh Oath, That *William Stroud*, Confederate with *Thomas Dangerfield*, did about June or July (79) very much Importune this Deponent to Joyn with him, the said *Stroud*, *Oates* and *Bedlow*, to be the Kings Evidence, and to swear that the Queen and their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Dutchess of York, and the Lords in the Tower, were Traytors, and Guilty of the Plot; and the said *Stroud* told this Deponent, that it should be worth two or three Thousand Pound to him, and his Liberty for so doing; and the said *Stroud* told this Deponent and several others, that the Earl of *Shaftsbury* sent him what money he would spend for the Carrying on of the Plot against the Duke and Lords in the Tower: And that his Lordship sent a servant of his, called Mr. *Johnson*, to the said *Stroud* very often to Incourage and Drink with the said *Stroud* in the Lodge, and gave him money, as the said *Stroud* told me. There also came a Steward of his Lordships, called Mr. *Stringer* and Mr. *Edward Stroud*, to hear what the said *Stroud* would swear against the Duke and the Lords in the Tower before his Lordship would procure the said *Stroud's* Pardon: Since then, the said *Stroud* hath made Affidavit to the same purpose, where he nameth his Royal Highness and the Dutchess; and his Confederate *Dangerfield* got an order to bring this Deponent before *Stephen Harvey* and *Thomas Foster* Esq; his Majesties Justices of the Peace, about the 9th of December (79) to come and take an Affidavit of this Deponent, saying, the same would much corroborate the Evidence the said *Dangerfield* had given concerning the Plot, and what the said *Stroud* had Deposed also, and that the said *Dangerfield* in pursuance thereof, did urge and perswade this Deponent to swear to the said *Stroud's* Affidavit, and would not let this Deponent read the said *Stroud's* Affidavit; but the said *Dangerfield* did both read the said *Stroud's* Affidavit, and also write what this Deponent said, but he omitted reading that which concern'd the Duke and Dutchess of York, and so thought to put a trick upon this Deponent, and bring him in as an Evidence against them, but that Justice *Foster* did espie it, and ask'd this Deponent concerning the particulars relating to the Duke and Dutchess, and then this Deponent truly swore he never heard their Names so much as mentioned concerning the Plot. Since that, the said *Dangerfield* hath set out a Narrative where he mentions this Deponents Name in several particulars, which is very false; he hath also sworn against Mr. *Anderson* in his tryal, where he mentions this Deponents Name to that which is very false. The 30th of January or thereabouts, *William Stroud* came to the Kings Bench and told this Deponent before another Gentleman, that if he had joyn'd with him, *Dangerfield*, *Oates* and *Bedlow*, in giving in his Evidence against the Queen, Duke and Dutchess, and Lords in the Tower, he had been free from all his Troubles, and His Debts paid; but since he did not do it, he

should

should suffer Imprisonment all his life, and in a worse Place; and that very night this Deponent was lock'd up in a little hole under Ground, and hath ever since been much oppress'd, and further this Deponent saith, he hath been very much perswaded not to appear at Mrs. Celliers tryal, and several have used means to the contrary, but this Deponent being Subpoena'd thereunto, is obliged to satisfie the truth therein, and will swear this Affidavit before a Judge, and carry it into Court, it being a Brief of what he hath already sworn before Sir George Jeffreys.

Signed by

Tho. Hill.

June the 10th (80)

The above named *Thomas Hill* further Deposeth, that upon a Sunday in the Afternoon, a Steward of the *Earl of Shaftsbury*, who did then live in *Alder Gate-street* (as *William Strode* told me) and one *Mr. Edward Strode* an Attorney in *Lincoln Inn*, came to the *Kings Bench* to take the examination of *Mr. William Strode* then a Prisoner, and after they had been lock'd in a Chamber about two hours, they sent for me, to ask me some Questions relating to what the Prisoner had been Examined to, but I not answering their expectation, we parted.

And after my Lords Steward and *Mr. Edward Strode* was gone, I asked the Prisoner *Mr. William Strode*, how he could carry it so fairly with *Mr. Anderson*, when I knew he had given in Articles against him; he told me, he durst do no otherwise than what he did, because if he did not do it, the *Earl of Shaftsbury* would not get him his Pardon out, he being under a Reprieve for Murder at that time.

Tho. Hill.

The 14th of July (79)

I *Ann Atsley* do testify, that I have heard *William Strode* often say, that he could hang *Bedlow* if he would, and that he was maintained by my Lord *Shaftsbury*, to come and Evidence against the Lords in the Tower: That *Johnson* my Lord *Shaftsbury*'s Man, threatened him from my Lord *Shaftsbury*, that his Pardon should be obstructed, if he did not joyn evidence with *Bedlow* against the Lords, although he said, if he were subpoena'd in, as infallibly he should, he would then declare my Lord *Shaftsbury*'s proceedings with him.

Other times I have heard him swear, that being so importuned from my Lord *Shaftsbury*, by his man *Johnson*, he was now resolved to stick at nothing, nay for an hundred Pound, he would sacrifice his own Father and Mother. As for *Mr. Anderson*, I do believe that what he alledges against him, as offering him five hundred Guineys, is false, for to my knowledge, he always shunned him as a Devil, knowing him from his first Imprisonment to be a great Rogue; but *Mr. Anderson* being an abstemious melancholy man, drank nothing but small Beer, which *Strode* after a Debauch always Coveted, threatening, that he would hang him if he denied him; this I have often heard *Strode* swear: I have often seen *Johnson*, and been in his Company with *Strode*, as also seen monys which *Johnson* and *Bedlow* gave him, to all this I am ready to swear, which I gave *Mr. Bedlow* notice

of six or seven Months since by Letter, though perhaps he never receiv'd it by being out of Town, the Copy of the Letter which I have by me will Evidence this that I affirm to be true.

Ann Moseley.

I *John Adderley* do testify, That *Mr. Anderson* was never much concern'd in *Mr. Stroud's* acquaintance, and the more reason I have to believe it, is for that as he from the beginning of his Imprisonment had notice of *Stroud's* being a great Rogue, so was he not backward of advising me and all he had a kindness for, to shew *Stroud's* Company; so that I look upon that *Story* of *Mr. Anderson's*, offering him 300 Guineys to take off *Bedlows* Evidence, to be a meer fiction and revenge for dispossessioning him of his Chamber, and indeed, *Stroud* is so great an abstract of Debauchery and Villany, and hath always been reputed for such, that no Man of any tolerable reputation would value his word or his oath, and that this is the truth, I willingly subscribe, being ready to attest the same upon Oath.

John Adderley.

January 14. 1679.

I bring often in the company of *William Stroud*, amongst other Discourses, hapning to talk of the rise of some men, he the said *William Stroud* did often say, that they were beholden to their own Industry, and that if he were out of Prison, he would not make any scruple for an hundred Pounds to Sacrifice any Person, nay his Father for a considerable Reward, and that he was kept here for a Spie, as he said himself, and hath shew'd me Silver and Gold, which he said he received from one *Mr. Johnson* the Earl of *Shaftsbury's* man, and of one *Mr. Bedloe* for such Service. Likewise the Marshal finding it fit to remove *Stroud* out of his Chamber, and place *Mr. Anderson* in it, he was so transported with Rage, that he came into the Gallery to me, and swore that he would be Revenged: Nay, that he would ruin *Mr. Anderson* with the first opportunity. And this I took the more notice of, because he hath sworn to me, that nothing Sacred should tie him to Truth or Lie, farther than to gratifie his Gam or Revenge, and gloried in other Murthers he said he had Committed besides that he had his Pardon for, which is the avowment of a Person of unspotted Reputation, that is not willing to be expos'd in Prison, but is ready to make Oath of it when thereto required.

These Testimonies I hope may satisfy an indifferent person, that *Dungerfield* once writ Truth.

After this, he frequently by *Maryaret* and I others, sent his humble Request to beg the Charity of his Judgesment, protesting that he never would attempt an ill thing again, but would get a Service, and take any pains for an honest Livelihood, and upon his reiterated Intreaties, I collected some monys for him, and did pay five Pounds to buy off the Debts he lay under, and not a Penny more, as appears by the General Release from his Creditors, which were taken among his Papers, and carried before the Council.

And the day he came out of Prison, I did give him, nor five Pounds as he says, but 10 shillings, that he might not starve for want of bread, and at the *7th* Tryal, did employ him as a Messenger to go up and down to

fetch Victuals and Drink for the Witnesses, to wait on them, and to help them into Courts, call Coaches, and other such like Services, which he performed so well, that several persons asked me, *whose diligent Footman he was*, for indeed, being in an old Frize-Coat lin'd with Blew, Blew Stockings and Breeches, and a Grey Hat tuckt up, to prevent flapping about his Ears, he could not well be taken for any other than an ill clad Footman, though now he be *Dub'd Knight of the Post*, and wear a Pearl in his Ear, to shew that the Executioners were kind to him, and did not Nail his Ears to the Pillory, neither at *Salisbury, Wilton, Winborne*, nor any of the other places where he was Mounted upon the Wooden Engine, and peep'd through it like *Dan Quicksilver* through his Helmet, when he was mounted upon *Rossant*, and going to encounter with the *Windmill*.

About that time I sent for him to *Powell House*, and there told him in the presence of *Mr. Henry Nevill alias Paine*, that now I would put it into his power to be an honest man, if he had a will to be so; and would get him either an Ensigns place under the Duke of *Monmouth*, who was then preparing to go to *Scotland*, or else an Employment to go to Sea: he made choice of the later, which while they would enquire; for my Husband having some Thousands of Pounds due to him, which was so desperate, that I could never make any thing of them; he told me he understood such business, and doubted not to get many of them if he had but a Suit of Cloaths, a Hat, and some few necessaries, that he might be in a condition to follow them, which he promised to do very diligently. I considering he could not wrong me; for that no person would pay money without my Husbands discharge: And that he having no other business but to pursue the Debtors, it was possible he might get in some of them: I agreed with him, that he should have six shillings in the Pound for what he received, and did give him a Stuff Suit, a Hat, Shoes, and Stockings, and a little Linnen, all which cost about 3 l. 10 s. and accordingly he proceeded, and did get in some money, and laid out our several Prisoners, and very often would bring me News of this great Design of the Faction, and that they talked Treason publicly in the Coffee-houses: I encouraged him to keep them company, and learn what he could of their Practices, in order to discover them to His Majesty; and I having heard by some very Eminent among them, that heided with them, only to break their Measures, that they had drawn Forces into the City whilst His Majesty was sick at *Windsor*, with intention to subvert the Government: and that if His Majesty had died, which at that time was the fear of the Loyal, and hopes of the Faction, they would have knock'd the Lord Mayor on the head, with such Aldermen as would not Conform; and that by the help of their Partizans in those places, they doubted not but to have been Masters of the *Tower, Portsmouth, Dover and Hull*, and most places of strength within the Kingdom, and that the *Scots* would advance to their help, with much more to the same effect, which I gave in my Depositions before the Lords of His Majesties Privy Council.

And having been inform'd by persons to whom they had been press'd, that *Mansel and Walker*, did both offer Commissions to disbanded Officers, with promises that they should enter into *private Pay*, and advised them, and all honest fellows, to linger about the Town, for there would soon

be his service; and having also heard that Sir William Waller said Publickly in Southwark, before persons of considerable quality, That there would be a Rebellion before Michaelmas.

These Discourses being then almost General, made me the easier Credit him in particulars; as that in order to this design, many of the Old Rump Officers were newrigg'd, and had Pensions paid them by the Gentlemen of the Kings head Club; and that Commissions were given out by the Relicks of the Rump, under the names of the Keepers of the Liberties of England; and that he was promised one among them, and had seen several; and that they were made of Parchment with thirteen Label Seals; I encouraged him to go on, and gave him money to defray his Charge, and bid him observe their Actions and Designs, and write down his observations, that they might be made known to His Majesty; and be sure to write nothing but the Truth, for one Lie would discredit all the Truths he told.

After that, he writ down at severall times, that which was afterwards found by Sir William Waller in my *Mentab*, and as what I did was truly in Zeal for His Majesties Service, so that very night he came to Town from Windsor, I went to the Earl of Peterborough, and acquainted him with it, and he presently handed us to his Royal Highness, to whom Willoughby delivered the foresaid Paper, to be given to His Majesty, and His Majesty was pleased to give it to Mr. Secretary Crventry, and commanded Willoughby to attend upon Colonel Halls with what further discoveries he could make; and ordered him forty Pounds, the better to enable him to proceed therein.

About this time the transactions concerning Sir Robert Peyton happened, and I believing then, as I still hope, that Sir Robert, abhorring the disloyal Practices of those he called Friends, was willing to come into the Kings Interest, and help the Government against those that so subtilly sought to destroy it: I then made the meeting between the Earl of Peterborough and Sir Robert Peyton at Mr. Gadharies house, and did afterwards go with Sir Robert to the Duke; and his Royal Highness received him kindly, and Sir Robert made Protestations to serve His Majesty faithfully for the future, as I hope he will.

For my part it was no motive but my Loyalty and Duty to His Majesty, and Love to Truth and Justice, that engaged me in this affair, believing I should do His Majesty good service, by bringing back as many as I could of the *Headed* to their Duty; and I cannot yet think I erred in so doing. About the later end of September, Dangerfield daily brought me Stories of the great preparations of the Factions, and that they publickly owned their Treasonable designs, and that the Parsons, Goodman and Alston, and the rest of that Gang, made great Collections amongst the Brethren, in order to the carrying on their Rebellionous Designs; and that Sir William Waller had three hundred Horsemen privately quartered in Town, that would be ready for Action in an hours warning; and was the Party that should lead up the Rabble of Westminster to seize White-Hall: That the City was ready to Rise, and expected only the word from the Confederates. About this time Willoughby got drunk, and pick'd a quarrel at the Rainbow-Coffee-house with one Keyniston, about Sir Thomas Mays; and thereby

thereby made himself obnoxious to the Republicans; and having lost the hopes of obtaining a Commission for himself, he then sought to get one by means of other persons, and then swore, *God Dam him*, now the Papists will give him no money, *he would go to the Presbyterians, and they would give him enough*; but of this I then knew nothing, and he strictly charged those he treated with in this affair, not to tell me any thing of their Proceedings, as appears by the Oath of *Thomas Curtis*, taken before Justice *Warsup*, vide, the said Affidavit in *Dangerfields* first Narrative, Pag. 72, 73.

In the beginning of *October*, he pretended, that by Information from a Person that by his order haunted *Sir William Wallers* Club at *Westminster Market-place*, he understood that several Treasonable Papers importing the whole design of the Faction, were kept in a house at *Westminster*, and that if he could get a Warrant and search that House, he doubted not but that he should lay open the whole Conspiracy, and in order to it, he went to his Majesty to pray a Warrant, and was by his Majesty refer'd to Mr. Secretary *Coventry*, but Mr. Secretaries great wisdom made him suspect him and his *Shallow contrivance*, inasmuch that he would not give him a Warrant, but I, as I said before, being induc'd to Credit him in those things which related to the same ends, others not inconsiderable among them had discours'd with me, and being zealous to have the danger plainly Discovered, that it might be prevented, did upon his complaining that he was deny'd a Warrant, advise him to go by the Custom-house way, which he did, and then seiz'd the Papers, which I suppose were easier to be found, being in all likelihood put there by himself, in order to his being dignify'd with the Magnificent Title of the Kings Evidence.

Upon *Wednesday* the 22 of *October* (79) *Willoughby* was taken Examined, and went upon Bail till *October* the 24, which day I having been abroad, and heard much talk of him and his Plot, came home and found him at my House, he came to me, and pray'd to speak with me, for that he was going before the Council after Dinner, and did believe he should be Committed. I then going into the next Room, the following discourse pass'd between us.

Cellier. In the Name of God, what is it you have done, that here is such a Bustle in the Town about you?

Willoughby. Pray Madam do not ask me, for it is best for you to be Ignorant of it: I hope your Innocence will defend you, and your ignorance will be your best Plea, and therefore I will not do you so much wrong, as to tell you any thing of it: I have done something I should not have done, but I hope God will bring me off, and that I may be the better able to make my Defence, pray do me the favour to lay up this Paper safely for me; and by the help of this and Truth, I hope to defend my self.

Cellier. Is it nothing that will bring me in danger?

Willoughby. If it were, I would not be such a Villain to give it you; It is the same Paper that lay before Mr. Secretary *Coventry*, and he return'd it to me the last week. I opened it, and finding it the same, gave it to my Maid *Anne Blake*, and she put it into the *MEAL-TUB*, where *Sir William Waller* found it.

and Master of the 27th he was committed to Newgate with the following Commitment.

These are in His Majesties Name, to require you to take into Custody the Person of Thomas Willoughby herewith sent you, for forging of Letters Importing High Treason; and fixing the same privately at Mr. Mansels Chamber, to render him guilty thereof without Cause: And you are to keep him safe till he shall be delivered by due course of Law; for which, this shall be your Warrant.

Council Chamber, White-Hall

28th the 27th (79)

Worcester.

Bridgewater.

Faulconbridge.

Francis North.

To the Keeper of Newgate,

or his Deputy.

That Night I was not at home, but the next Morning hearing Sir

William Waller intended to be at my House, I made hast home to meet

him, and about Noon he came and made a diligent search among my

Papers, and told me, I must go along with him to the Earl of Shaftsbury,

I replied,

Cellier. I have no business with the Earl of Shaftsbury, and if his Lord-

ship have any with me, he might have sent one of his Servants to tell

me so, and I would have waited on him, as I am still ready to do, with-

out being had before a Justice of Peace. — But what Authority have you

to carry me thither?

Sir William Waller. His Majesties Commission of the Peaze.

Cellier. Though that doth empower you to send me to Prison, if I be

accused of any Crime, yet it doth not give you power to carry me any

whither else.

Sir William Waller. You are a dangerous Woman, and keep corre-

spondence with Traytors, and harboured the St. Omers Youths—I took

them out of your House.

Cellier.

Henry Coventry.

Henry Capel.

Henry Powel.

John Nicholas.

Cellier.

Cellier. What if I did? they came over at His Majesties command, and therefore I presume it was no Crime to Lodge them. — And none can be properly call'd Traytors, but those that are Convict of Treason; And do you know any such I keep correspondence with? *I am sure I have none.*

Sir Will. Waller. Will you take the Oaths of *Supremacy* and *Allegiance*?

Cellier. Have you any Authority to offer them to me? I suppose you have none except here were another Justice present; but if there were, I am a Forreign Merchants Wife, and my Husband, both by the General Law of Nations, and those of this Kingdom, ought to remain unmolested both in his Liberty and Property, till a breach happen between the two Crowns, and the King hath declared as much in his Royal Proclamation, and if you violate the Priviledges my Husband ought to have as a Merchant-stranger, the King of *France*, whose Subject my Husband is, has an Ambassador here, by whom we will complain to His Majesty, and I hope we shall obtain Redress.

If your Husband and any other person will pass their word for your forth-coming, I'll leave you here till I come back from my Lord *Shaftsbury*.

They pass'd their words for me, and he went away and left me, presently after *Willoughby* sent for *Susan Edwards* my Servant to the Prison, and he Howled and Lamented to her, and sent me a long Epistle; I have forgott the words now, but the Effect was, that he had been Tortured that Night, yet would be Torn in pieces rather than bely me, or any other *Innocent Person*, and desired to know what I was accused of, or by whom, and what *Waller* said to me: Then I sent her to him again with the following Note.

I have said you were taken into my house to get in desperate Debts: They bring me to L. S. They will ask me who encouraged me to go to him, I will say it was you, it cannot wound you: am I not yll used? you needed I would.

This I said, because it was Truth, which I always thought the best way to defend my Life and Fame: Upon the Receipt of this Note he made great Lamentations to her, expressing his fears of being Hang'd or Starv'd there; but told her, though he had been proffer'd great Advantages, yet he would Perish rather than do any ill thing; and pray'd her to speak to me, that he might have Victuals sent him from my House daily, And that I would send him a promise of it by her of my own writing.

By this I perceiv'd he was already a Rogue, and endeavouring to get something of my writing, to make ill use of, I then Considered, that if I refus'd to promise him Victuals, I gavel him an occasion to commit Villany for want of Bread; and therefore bid her tell him, that I would take order at my house that he should have Victuals sent him every day, as he had when he was under the Messengers hands. And to assure him of it, sent him the following words under my hand: It being a Motto my Parents had used, and I my self also,

I Never Change

Knowing that if he were honest, that was enough to satisfy him: If a Rogue, not enough to do me any mischief.

About nine o'Clock at Night *Sir William* came again, and found me at Supper with some Friends, but was very Civil, and would not disturb us; and about Ten he sent me to the Gate-house, with a Note to *Church* to

Lodg me in his own house; the Cause exprest in my Commitment, being for *Harbouring and Corresponding with Traytors*; though he could not tell me who they were, nor when *Convicted of Treason*; and for refusing the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, which were never tender'd me. All that night he and his *Crue* kept their *Rendevouz* in my house, tearing and pulling down the Goods, and filling his own and his Footmans Pockets and Breeches with Papers of Private concern, which he never carry'd before the Council, nor as yet restor'd, though some of them be of *Considerable value*.

Next morning *his Worship* sent to know how I did, and to tell me, if I thought he could do me any service, he would come and visit me. I reply'd, if he could, I knew he would not, and therefore desired him to spare his pains and my trouble.

Friday the last of October, I brought my self to the *Kings-bench Barr*, in hope to be *Bail'd*; but then at the Barr, *Church* opposed it, saying, *His Worship* had sent in an accusation of *high Treason* against me, though I had as yet no Accuser; And by the Law, no person ought to be committed for Treason, till accused by two honest, sufficient, lawful, and credible Witnesses, witnessing one and the same Individual Fact.

November the first, I was examin'd before His Majesty and the Lords of the Council, where the *Fable of the Husband-man, and the Starved Snake*, was proved a Truth; for *Willoughby* accused me of all the Forged Stories he tells in his Lying Narrative; and I unfeignedly told the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. But the Lord Chancellor told me, no body would believe a word I said, and that I would Dye.— To which I replyed, I know that my Lord, for I never saw an Immortal woman in my life: And then kneeling down, said,

Cellier. I beseech your Majesty that I may not be Tortur'd.

The King. The Law will not suffer it.

Cellier. Such things are frequently done in *Newgate*; and I have more reason to fear it than any other person, because of what I have done against the Keeper, and therefore I beseech your Majesty, If at any time I should say any thing contrary to what I have now said, that you will not believe me, for it will be nothing but lies forc'd from me by barbarous usage, what I have now told you, being the truth, and the whole truth, to the utmost of my knowledge.

Then I was sent away to *Newgate*, and the next day was brought again before the Council, and then a Lord said, Turn up your hoods *Mrs. Cellier*, I did so; The Lord Chancellor ask'd me, if I had not been at the Tower to tell of *Willoughby's* Commitment, and bring instructions for him.

Cellier. I protest I have not been at the Tower Since.— Then the Lord Chancellor Interrupted me, saying, She cannot speak three words of Truth.

Cellier. Pray my Lord be pleased to hear me out, and do not Judge me till then, — I have not been at the Tower since Thursday was seven-night.

Lord Chan. That was the Time, what did you there?

Cellier. I Din'd there.

Lord Chan. Had you no talk concerning *Willoughby*? tell us the Truth, for the Countess of *Powis* hath told us all.

Cellier. My Lord, nothing of Truth can do me any harm, and I am sure

sure her Ladiship will tell nothing else: I told her that Justice *Warcup* and *Manfel* had been at my House to demand him, and my Husband had pass his word for his forth-coming. Then I was commanded to withdraw.

And understanding, soon after, that I should be Close Confin'd, the dread of being lock'd up on the top of *Newgate*, and attended on by Fellons, as Mrs. *Prescick* had been, though big with Child, and so troubled with Fits, that they came upon her every hour, which caused Captain *Richardson* to Pity her, and take her into his own House; but some had been locked up there a full year, and kept in Irons above Six months of the time, the fear of this, or worse usage, did so oppress my spirits, that though I be not the most timorous of my Sex, and never had any kind of Fit before, I fell into such Convulsions, that I had like to have died at *White-hall Gate*. Then I was carried to the Keepers House, and laid upon a Couch, and being a little come to my strength and senses, I told Captain *Richardson*, that if I should die in that desolate place, as it was like I might that very Night, most persons would believe that he had caus'd me to be Murthered, in revenge of the Articles I put into Parliament against him; whereupon he bid me be of good Comfort, for I should not be carry'd to the top of the Goal, but lye in his own House, which promise so revived me, that within an hour, I was able to go up into the Garret, where I had a very Good Bed, and a Maid ordered to lye in the Room by me; she tended me very diligently, and seem'd very much to Commiserate my Condition, being, I suppose, set on to do so, that she might the more easily betray me: I had brought Pen, Ink, and Paper from the Gate-house, and easily prevail'd with her for money, to carry a Note home to my House, in a Bottom of Thread, she carried and re-carried three or four, shewing them first to the Jaylor's Wife and Sister, and they took Copies of them, and sent them to the Council, perswading themselves they should make strange Discoveries, but I had Committed no Crime, and therefore nothing but Innocence could be found in my Letters.

When they saw this share would not take; then they laid another for my Life, and brought *Willoughby* to a Window over against mine, to talk with me, having (as I then thought, and now know) set another Rogue behind me, to hear what I said.

Dangerfield. Madam, Madam, Madam, Pray Madam speak to me, and tell me how you do.

Cellier. I am Sick, very Sick of the Bloody Barbarous Villain.

Dangerfield. Pray Madam speak low, and do not discompose your self.

Cellier. Nothing you do, can discompose me: I despise you so much, I am not Angry.

Dangerfield. I am very glad of it, for then I hope you will have patience to hear me speak. Pray how do they use you.

Cellier. Well, much better than I expected.

Dangerfield. Is any body suffered to come to you?

Cellier. No body.

Dangerfield. I am very sorry for your Confinement, but I could not possibly help what I have done.

Cellier. Bloody Villain, I am not confin'd, for *Stone Walls and Iron Bars*, do not make a Prison, but a *Guilt*: Conscience! I am Innocent, and

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gaine that here, which my Enemies did not intend me for; I have now nothing to do but to serve God, *but you are Confin'd, and one of the Devils Slaves.* Ah Villain; for which of my Good deeds do you seek my Life?

Dangerfield Crying, — you shall not dye, nor receive any other hurt. *Cellier*, Wicked Wretch! I do not fear, but desire to dye.

Dangerfield still Crying, — but you shall not; look here how I have been used, and then shewed his Arms, and How'd, saying, he had been so miserably Tormented, that he was not able to bear it, but was forced to accuse me and others, to save his own life.

Cellier, Ah Villain, will you bely the Innocent, to save an Infamous Life?

Dangerfield, I have told the King more than I could make out, and was forc'd to joyn with the Confederates to get my Pardon, for I have liv'd so ill, I am not fit to dye yet.

Cellier, Do you think to wipe off your other sins, by committing Perjuries and Murthers?

Dangerfield, No, but God is merciful, and if I live, I may repent; I was distressed by every Body, and if I had not been Hang'd, I should have been Starv'd — It is a sad thing to depend upon an ungrateful and disunited People — If any care had been taken of me, to remove me to the Bench, they could only have Pillor'd Me, and I would never done this, nor any other Villany; But since no body took any care of me, I had reason to take some of my self, which I will do. Those I belong to now are very kind to me, and send me great Encouragements, I shall have a Pardon within two or three days, and be set at Liberty, but before I go, I should be very glad you would consider your own Condition, and not ruin your Family, your Maid Susan will Swear against you, and there are two Persons found, that will lay worser things to your Charge, than I have done.

Cellier, Villain, you know it is all Lyes, Did I ever do any of those things?

Dangerfield, Though you did not, they will be Sworn against you, therefore come in now whilst it is time, and joyn with the most powerful, you may make your own Conditions; then he shewed me Gold, and told me what great Advantages were to be made by becoming the Kings Evidence. That the King was Bought and Sold, and here would be a Republick, and the Duke would be destroyed in Scotland: And that if I would lay His Royal Highness gave me the Original of those Papers that were found in my Meal Tub, and bid me cause him to put them into Mansels Chamber, and Kill the Earl of Shaftsbury, then I should have a Pardon, and more Mony than all the Witnesses had had together, for the Earl of Shaftsbury and the rest of the Confederate Lords would raise Ten Thousand Pounds among them, which I should pass over by Bills of Exchange whither I would, as soon as I had Signed and Sworn the Depositions; And I should have Twenty Pounds per Week settled on me by Act of Parliament as long as I liv'd: And if I would do it, some Persons of Honour should come and treat with me; for though I were confin'd, there was Lords that were Privy to all, that would come on pretence to Examine me, and settle things to my satisfaction.

But I laugh'd at all this, and receiv'd his proffers as they deserv'd, and said, *Cowardly Wretch, you are worse than your Elder Brother Judas*, for he having betray'd one Innocent, left those that hired him, to seek false Wit-

nesses

nesses for themselves, and repented, and brought again the Thirty pieces of Silver, and had *Courage enough to hang himself*: But you have betray'd and belyed many Innocents, and yet are such a Coward to waite for the *Hang-man*, for hang'd you will be. He that digs a Pit for another, shall fall therein himself: Therefore Repent you Rogue, and tell the King who set you on, for you will certainly be Damn'd if you do not. And then by the fit Application of other places of Scripture, I shook him so, that he Howl'd like a Dog that had the Tooth-Ach. And again shewed his Arms, where the *Irons or Cords had worn off the Skin*, telling me, he had been Rackt, and otherwise cruelly used to force him to accuse me.

Cellier. Ah Cowardly wretch! would you shed the blood of so many Innocents, to save your life? I had rather dye ten thousand deaths, than belye my self or others: And can there be any Rogues besides your self so wicked, as to endeavor to suborn Witnesses to belye the best of Men? Look there, do you see the Devil stand at your Elbow, assure your self he'll tear you to pieces alive; Then he howl'd again, and wrung his hands, pretending Repentance, and told me, that against to morrow he would write down all the Intrigue, with the Names of *those Lords and others*, that set him on, and give it me, if I would give him any hopes of a Pardon for my self and others he had wrong'd.

Cellier. It is not possible for you, nor any other Devil Incarnate, to wrong me more than I can forgive, if you Repent and leave your Villany; but do not dissemble, for dissembled Piety is double Iniquity.

Dangerfield. Do you think other Persons I have accus'd will forgive me?

Cellier. Yes, if you truly Repent, I doubt not but their Charity and Prudence will oblige them to that.

Then he told me a long Story, how kind the Earl of *Shaftsbury* and some greater men were to him, and what great things they had promised to do for him; yet he said he would Repent, and tell the Truth, and hop'd God would have Mercy on him. Then I went from the Window—

Next Morning he was waiting at his Window by Day-break, and throwing little Coals at mine—About Nine or Ten a Clock I went to the Window, hoping to persuade him to tell the Truth, *But like the Dog, was returned to his Vomit*, and propos'd to me, if I would not belye the Duke, to say the Earl of *Peterborough* gave me those Papers, and that I had received a Thousand pounds in Gold of Sir *Allen Apsey*, to pay him for the Murthering the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and to raise Souldiers against the King: But I received this Proposition like the former, and Answered:

Cellier. Now I plainly see you are posses'd with the Devil, he speaks through your Mouth—*You worst of Rogues, how dare you talk thus to me?*

Dangerfield. Pray Madam speak low, and do not discompose your self, whatsoever happens, there shall no harm come to you.

Cellier. Wretched Villain! Innocence fears nothing; I have done no Evil, nor I fear none. And shut to the Window, and would speak no more to him. All that day at times he hanc'd about the Window, shedding Crokadils tears, holding up his hands, and making beseeching signs to me to come to my Window. About four in the Afternoon I went, saying, *Blood-thirsty ingrateful Villain, what have you to say to me?* Then he wrung his hands and Lamented, saying, 'Now he was fully resolv'd to tell

the Truth, and if I would promise he should be Pardoned, would show me how to turn the Devices of the Malicious upon their own Heads, and had writ it all out for me, and would rye a Coal to it and throw it in; but he would first try if he could sling in an Apple he had in his hand, he try'd, but the Apple fell down— He said there is something in it, and Ran down in great haste to fetch it— But I suppose those that set him on, had more fears I should Convert him, than hopes he should Pervert me, and would not let him appear any more at the Window, but presently I heard a great Noise in the Goal, and it was pretended, the Jaylor had discovered our interview, and Sir John Nicholas came that Night to search and examine me, I told him the Truth, but conceal'd that part which related to the Duke, the Earl of Peterborough, and Sir Allen Apsey, and would not own that I understood for what reason he shewed me Gold, as not thinking that a fitting time to tell such Truths, I having too many Enemies already.

Then the Window shutters were nail'd up on that side of the Chamber, and the Casement on the other side, and from that time I had not a breath of Air: I did but take out a Pain of Glas, and they put in another, and unfolded and search'd all my Linnen, and cut my very Bread in pieces; and search'd every thing with all imaginable strictness; yet Captain Richardson let me go when I would into a Room that look'd towards the Doctors Garden, where the Window was open, but there was such a noy-som smell in the Room, that I rather chose to be lock'd up in my own alone, than in that with a great deal of bold Company; for the Rats and Weezles plaid at Barly-break, and boldly Robb'd me before my face, and did not Dance without Musick, squeeking as they ran up and down: And the worthy Gentleman Sir William Waller, came likewise to visit me and ask'd if he could do me any Service, and fawning on me, with many flattering Expressions, which I valued much like the Musick of my other Visitors: He pretended a great deal of pity that such a Woman as I should be engaged among such a wicked and ungrateful people that Railed at me, saying, I was the worst of Women, but if I would confess, as he would have me, and come to them, I should be received according to my Merits.

Cellier. I know nothing to confess, — At which he shook his head. You know enough to save the whole Kingdom, if you would tell it.

Cellier. So I do, and would be glad to tell it, if Truth could be believed, but I have been already told in Presence of His Majesty and His Council, that nothing I said should be believ'd: And therefore I am resolv'd to tell nothing.

Sir William. Mrs. Cellier, if you will make any discovery to me, I'll engage you shall be believ'd. — Then he began to ask me Questions.

Cellier. Sir, Spair your pains in Pumping for I am neither Slave nor Coward, and will not be Examined in Confinement, enlarge me, and two days after I will tell you what I know.

Sir William. That I can not do.

Cellier. Then let me speak with my Husband, before a Keeper twice or thrice.

Sir W. Waller. I cannot do that.

Cel. What do you come hither for then, troubling me with your proffer'd Service, if you be able to do nothing that I ask you?

Sir W. Waller. If you will make any Discoveries, then I will help you.

Cel. Sir William, When I make Discoveries, I am sure you will not like them, Yet it is very like I may make some in time, and new ones too, for my Heart is too high to be zany to a fellow that went on my Errands.

Much such like dark discourse we had, he still flattering me, and telling me what high esteem he had for my Wit and Courage. I told him I took his Iropical Speech as it was meant, and did as much admire him for another cause; and then pluckt Englands Bloody Tribunal out of my Pocket, and shewed him the Murderers of his Majesties Royal Father, and many of his Loyal Peers and Gentlemen; and told him, that was the Game he would fain be at; he denyed it after such a manner, as made it visible even to the meanest capacity, That he did not think it a Crime, and then went away.

We had only such reflecting Speeches all the time of his stay, for Mr. Cooper, the Deputy Goaler came up with him, and I would not let him go away, for indeed I durst not trust my self with such a Doughty Knight as Sir William was, lest he should make Romances of me, as he had done of others; But I prayed him at parting to speak to his Majesty, I might be Tryed, for I was resolv'd I would not lie there idle, but bring my self upon my Tryal as fast as I could.

The Friday after this, I was brought before the Council.

A Lord. Turn up your Hoods Mrs. Cellier, — I obeyed.

L. Chan. Come Mrs. Cellier have you writ home, since you were sent to Newgate?

Cel. Pray my Lord, what Crime is it to write home?

L. Chan. It is none.

Cel. My Lord, self-Preservation is natural to all Creatures.

L. Chan. How often have you written home since your Confinement?

Cel. Truly my Lord I know not whether it was 3 or 4 times.

L. Chan. How did you send it?

Cel. Once in a little Box, and other times in Bottoms of Thread.

L. C. What made you so earnest to have your Husband go into the Country?

Cel. Because he is a man in Trouble, and I thought That the best place for him.

L. C. Was Margaret in trouble too, that you sent to her to go out of Town?

Cel. I did not, nor had any cause so to do.

L. C. You did.

Cel. I did not.

L. Chan. You did, we have it under your hand.

Cellier. If I did, I desire to see my hand. — Then a Letter was produced, being a Copy of one of mine. — Sir Tho. Doleman read it, (and by Head and Shoulders thrust in these Words, Send Margaret into the Country) I desired to see the Letter, but they refus'd it. Then I own'd I

did write such a Letter as that was without those words—but that I had neither seen, sent to, nor heard from Margaret since Midsummer.

L. Chan. This is very strange you can remember every word of a Letter, but what you should remember.

Cel. My Lord, my Lord, I can remember any thing I did, but not what I never did,

Lord President. You writ it when you were asleep.

Cel. No, my Lord, I am no Noct-ambler.

L. Chan. Did you write to nobody else?

Cel. Yes, to my Son and Daughter.

L. Chan. To nobody else?

Cel. Yes, to Mr. Gadbury.

L. Chan. What did you write to him?

Cel. Am I obliged to remember every Word I write?

L. Chan. No, but the sense of it.

Cel. I called him friend, and told him his last Visit would make me always esteem him so. I know I am the talk of the Town, but what do the Fudicious say of me, for it is that I value, and not the praise of the Rabble? Are all my Summer friends flown? Is my Knight against me too? When will Jupiter come into Gemini?

L. Chan. What do you expect from Jupiters coming into Gemini? do you think that Catholick Religion shall be restored!

Cel. No, my Lord, I have no reason to think so. But the Planets are now in Bestial reptal Signs, and produce semblable effects, but when that benign Star comes into Gemini, which is a Humane Sign, I hope the Nation will return to their Wits, for I think they are all mad now.

A Lord. Mrs. Cellier, how long has Mr. Gadbury been a Catholick?

Cel. He is not one I think, I'm sure I never took him for one, nor ever heard he was.

L. Chan. What Religion is he of, can you tell?

Cel. My Lord, I always thought him to be a Church of England man.

L. Chan. Come Mr. Gadbury, you said you did not speak in Astrological terms to Women, But Mrs. Cellier has told you all.

Gadbury. My Lord, She can say no harm of me, if she tell Truth.

Cel. Mr. Gadbury, I neither said, nor know any evil of you, I only said you feared the Kingdom would never be quiet till Jupiter came into Gemini.

Then he was commanded to withdraw.

Gadbury kneeling down said, I beseech you let my close Confinement be taken off.

A Lord. No, you deny'd the Truth to us.

Gadbury. I hope your Lordship will not call such a thing as this is the denial of the Truth.

Withdraw, withdraw Mr. Gadbury.

A Lord. Are you with Child Mrs. Cellier?

Cel. Truly, my Lord, I know not certainly.

Some Lord. You say so in your Letter, and that it will keep you from any stricter examination.

Cel. No my Lord, I have no reason to think so, this is a time in which no Compassion is shewn to Sex, Age, nor Condition.

Then

Then the Lord Chancellor wav'd the Discourse.

Same Lord. Do you know one Mr. Phillips, Mrs Cellier, that you writ of, and desir'd to go out of Town?

Cel. I know one Mrs. Phillips an Upholsterer, but I know no reason I have to desire her to go out of Town.

Ld. But you did write to her to go out of Town.

Cel. Did I not write for every one to go out of Town, I refer my self to the Letter, and desire it may be read?

L. Chan. No, no. And so put off the Discourse.

Same Lord. Do you know my Lord Shaftsbury, Mrs. Cellier? Or have you seen him lately?

Cel. My Lord, I have been with him lately; and (if you please) I will tell you the occasion. In April last Sir W. Waller was very busie about my House, insomuch as I was forc'd to leave it, and I (having a desire to be quiet at home) writ the state of my Case to my Lord Shaftsbury, and pray'd his Favour; He bid the person that carried the Letter, send Sir W. Waller to him; and from that time I had no further trouble, till about ten or twelve days before Dangerfield was taken. He told me that my Name was enter'd into Sir W. Waller's Black Bill, and he would search my House that Week, and therefore he advis'd me to write again to the Earl of Shaftsbury, I told him I durst not presume to do that, but I would go to his Lordship, and thank him for the former favour, and pray a continuance of it; and desired him to go with me, because being known in the House, as he said, and might the easier bring me to speak with his Lordship.

Dangerfield. Madam, I cannot at all advantage your Cause, but injure it, for I have sold my Lordship, and have been catch'd in them; but if you please to let the Coach drive close to the Gate, and ask for Mr. Shepard, and desire him to bring you to the Figure of one, he will bring you to his Lordship.

I did so that very night, and after I had thank'd his Lordship for his former Favour, and intreated him that I might not be troubl'd with Sir W. Waller, he answer'd me,

Madam, I am for the propagation of the Protestant Faith; yet, because I think you an excellent Woman, though of another Religion, I promise you I will do you all the good I can.

I thank'd his Lordship, and took my leave.

Upon this I was command'd to withdraw.

Three or four days after I was brought before their Lordships again.

L. Turn up your Hoods Mrs. Cellier.

L. Chan. Come Mrs. Cellier, we have found *Margaret*, and she has told us all, the Truth comes out for all your cunning.

Cel. She can say no Evil of me, unless she belie me: Besides, she is no lawful Witness, for she was my Servant, and turn'd away in Disgrace, and if she accuse me of any thing, it is the effect of her Malice.

Then

Then *Margaret* was call'd in.

L. Chan. Come *Margaret*, this is strange, that whilst you liv'd with Mrs. *Cellier* you could see nothing but Vertue and Goodness by her, and she can tell so much Thieving, and other ill things of you.

Margaret. She may say what she pleases of me, but I will not wrong her.

Cellier. *Margaret* you know we did lose a Spoon, and some other things.

Margaret. Yes, but then you thought another had them.

Cel. Yes, and I think so still, but being told you accuse me, I must defend myself as well as I can.

L. Chan. Nay *Margaret*, we like you never the worse for her speaking against you, and if you will tell us any thing of her, we will believe you.

Margaret. I know nothing but what I have told you.

L. Chan. Go *Margaret*, consider of it, and remember what you can against you come again.

Cellier. *Margaret* have a care what you do, lest you foul your hands with innocent Blood.

L. Chan. Hark, She tutors her before us.

Cellier. Truth may be spoken at all times and places.

Soon after this, Sir W. Waller came to the Prison again, wheedling, and proffered his Service to help me to make a Discovery; I answered him after the former rate.

Sir Will. I wonder how you, that have such a fine curious House to Live in, can endure to stay here, and may so easily go out, and be repaired all your Losses with advantage.

Cellier. Sir Will. I value not my Losses nor my Life, I'll stay here this twenty Years, rather than Lie my self to Liberty. I am Prisoner for Truth sake, and that Cause, and the joy I have to suffer for it, makes this Dirty, Smoaky Hole to me a Pallace, adorned with all the Ornaments Imagination can think upon; and I assure you, This is the most pleasant Time of my whole Life, for I have thrown off all care of Earthly things, and have nothing to do but to serve God.

Sir Will. But for all your obstinance, you will be weary of staying here e'er long, and perhaps put into a more rigorous Confinement.

Cel. Have you ever a place to put me in, where God is not?

Sir Will. No, he is every where.

Cel. Is he so, then do your worst, I defy you all, and him that sets you on.

Sir Will. Why are you so angry Mrs. *Cellier*? I came hither to serve you.

Cel. I desire none of your Service, and I cannot be angry with such a Man as you are.

Sir Will. I protest I have as much respect for you, as if you were my Sister, and had rather take your counsel, than any Woman's I know.

Cel. I'll assure you Sir William I will never take yours. Pray speak to His Majesty I may be tryed.

Sir Will. You had better stay, for if you be tryed, you'll certainly be put to death.

Cel.

Cel. Thanks be to God, you must neither be *Fudge* nor *Fury-man*, but I'll venture that, and bring my self to the Bar the first day of the next Term.

Sir Will. You must not be tryed there, you must be tryed at the Old Bayly.

Cel. If his Majesty bring me upon my Tryal, He may try me where He pleases, but if I bring my self to it, it must be at the Kings-Bench Bar.

Sir Will. You are deceived, you cannot.

Cel. But I can, and will to.

Sir Will. I'll tell his Majesty what you say.

Cel. Pray do, for I desire it.

Sir Will. Well, I see you are an obstinate woman, and do not understand your own good, I'll come no more to you.

Cel. I care not for your Company, therefore pray stay away; and tell Truth Once in your Life.

As he was upon the Stairs going down, I call'd to the Maid to bring me some Beer, and he was willing to believe I called him, and ran up in great haste, asking through the Door if I had bethought my self of any thing he could do to serve me.

Cel. No *Sir Will.* I am not such a Distressed Damosel to use your Service. For as the Devil can do harm, but not good; so, though you have put me in, yet it is not in your power to fetch me out of this enchanted Castle, but I shall come out e'er long to a Glorious Death, or an Honourable Life, both which are indifferent to me, blessed be God.

After this I was no more troubled with him.

That night the Duke of *Monmouth* came to Town from *Holland* I was fetched before the Council in great haste, having now learn'd to turn up my Hoods without bidding.

L. Chan. Come Mrs. Cellier, we hear of your-zeal.

Cel. It is a Virtue to be zealous My Lord.

L. Chan. The Truth comes out by little and little, we shall know all.

Cel. My Lord I wish all the truth were known, and then I should go home to my own House.

L. Chan. When were you in *Flanders*?

Cel. Never.

L. Chan. You were.

Cel. I never was out of England.

L. Chan. Do you know one Mr. Adams?

Cel. What Mr. Adams does your Lordship mean?

L. Chan. Mr. Adams, a Commissioner of the Statute of Bankrupt.

Cel. Yes, I know him well, he sent John-a-Nokes to Prison, and there-upon was put out of Commission.

L. Chan. Has he done you any personal injury?

Cel. Only helps to cheat me of five Hundred Pounds.

L. Chan. Nothing else?

Cel. No my Lord, but I'll assure you he did that.

L. Chan. You were at the Devil-Tavern with him and Dangerfield the 24th of September, and said there was no Plot but a Presbyterian

Plot. and that it would appear so in a Month; you tim'd it well, for just then your Intrigue was found out.

Cel. My Lord I was at the Devil-Tavern, but not within three weeks of the time you mention.

L. Chan. You were there at that time, and said you were just come from Flanders and drank the Duke of York's Health in a Beer-glass of Claret, and would not let Mr. Adams drink unless he nam'd the Health.

Cel. Indeed my Lord that was ill done, for there was not a drop of Claret.

L. C. But you drank the Duke's Health.

Cel. Pray my Lord what crime is it?

L. C. It is none.

Cel. Then I hope there's no Punishment.

L. G. Here is nothing to be done with her, call Mr. Adams.

He was called in, and his *Wife* Depositions read.

Cel. My Lord, of all this fine Story there is nothing true, but that I was at the Tavern, but it was three weeks before the time he mentioned, and I did Pledge the D's Health, and say, I believed there was a Plot among the Presbyterians, to play their old Game over again, but I hoped God would bless the King and his Royal Brother, and that their Affairs would go well, and God would destroy their Enemies, and send quiet Times.

Adams. She did say she had been beyond Sea, and Mr. Petly will swear she said she had been in Flanders.

Cel. If I did say so, I lyed.

L. Presid. If you Lyed then, how shall we know you tell Truth now?

Cel. My Lord, there is a great deal of difference between what I say at a Tavern, to a Man of his Understanding, and what I say here, where every Word ought to be equal to an Oath.

Adams. Your bawdy Story I left out of the Depositions, I was ashamed to speak it.

King. What, can she speak Bawdy too?

Adams. Yes, indeed she did.

L. C. Is she's fit for any thing.

Cel. My Lord, I never spoke an immodest word in my Life. Mr. Adams though you strive to take away my Life, do not take away my Honour; What did I say?

King. What did she say? come tell us the Story.

Adams. She said — She said — that — She said — That if she did not lose her Hands, she could get Money as long as —

King. As long as what? out with it.

Adams made as if he were ashamed, and could not speak such a word.

Cel. I said, if I did not lose my Hands, I should get Money as long as Men kissed their Wives.

Adams. By the Oath I have taken she said their Mistresses too.

Cel. Did I so, pray what else do they keep them for?

L. Chan. That was but witty.

King. 'Twas but natural to her Practice.

Cel. Mr. Adams I am sorry for your Ignorance, — I beseech your Majesty let me be enlarged.

L. Chan. You are an obstinate Woman, and will tell us nothing we ask you.

Cel. My Lord, I tell Truth to all you ask.

L. Chan.

L. C. Here's no body believes you, you will trifle away your Life.

Cel. My Lord, I will not belye my self nor others to save it, but I will assure your Lordship, never man that came before you, feared Death, nor valued Life less than I do.

L. C. I, she's fit for them, *Withdraw, Withdraw.*

After that I was secht up once or twice again, but do not remember for what; Then they let me alone till the 9th of January, and then Captain Richardson went up with me, and by the way told me, That if now I would make an ingenious Confession I might be enlarged, and the Truth found out: I answered, I knew nothing of all they asked me, nor ever answered any thing but the Truth, they do not look for Treason in the right place, but when they do, they may find enough.

Capt. Richardson. But if you know any thing you are bound to tell it.

Cel. I am only obliged to answer Truth to such questions as I am asked, and the Lord Chancellor told me he would not believe a word I said, and I do not believe a word of the whole Plot further than that the Presbyterians are playing over their old Game again.

Capt. Richardson. Well I see it is impossible to perswade you to Reason.

Cel. I never yet could see a Reason for lying.

When I came before the Council they spoke not a word of the old matter, but questioned me concerning Sir Robert Peyton then present; I told the Truth, as I would have done long before if they asked it; and desired Pen, Ink and Paper to recollect my Memory, and to see my Husband before a Keeper, which the King said was but reasonable, and bid make an Order for it, which was done, yet the Keeper would never let me see him in 11 or 12 weeks that I was confined after that, but one quarter of an hour; Yet to give him his due, he was as civil to me, as the strictness of my confinement would admit of, and his Wife also, all the time I was in their own House.

January 11th. I sent in my Depositions, being all I then could remember, but they would not let me have Paper to take a Copy of them, but Truth can never be forgotten.

January 15, 16, or 17th. I was brought before a Committee of Lords, and they asked me many Trepanning Questions to insnare me.

Then Mr. Gadbury was called in, and his Depositions read, to which I only answered.

Cel. Mr. Gadbury I remember nothing of all this, but I confess I am the unfortunate cause of your Trouble, and if by ruining me you can ease your self, I give you free leave.

Then a Lord told me there was Treason sworn against me, but I might yet save my self if I would, for they did not Thirst for my Blood.

Cel. I am glad to hear your Lordship say so, for I am so simple I judge by appearances, which are quite otherwise.

Then Dangerfield was called in, and asked if I did not set him on to make a Mutiny at the Rainbow Coffee-House.

Dangerfield. My Lord, I cannot say she set me on.

Cel. Was not I angry with you for it, and bid you be gone out of my House? and caused you to be removed up into the Garret.

Dang.

Dangerfield. No, that was afterwards.

Cel. But it was for that Cause.

A Lord. Do you know any thing of a walk that was upon *Tower-Wharf*? tell us the Truth for you are upon your Oath.

Cel. I have often walked upon it, for I lived there by,

A Lord. We mean a walk with the Lord Chief Justice, and offering Ten Thousand Pounds concerning Sir *George Wakeman*, tell us the Truth, for the Countess of *Powis* has told us all.

Cel. Yes, my Lord, I read it in a Pamphlet.

Dangerfield. I do believe it was in a Pamphlet.

Cel. There was two, and you brought them both to me.

A Lord. Do you remember any more concerning Sir *Robert Peyton*?

Cel. Nothing that is fit to tell at this time.

A Lord. She will not tell the Kings Privy Council what she knows.

Cel. Not at this time,---at which Answer they were very angry, and asked me some swaring Questions concerning my self, but I have forgot what it was, yet remember that I answered thus.

Cel. My Lord, I am not obliged to Answer that Question; your Lordships are none of my Judges, I appeal to my equal Judges, Twelve Commons of England in a Court of Judicature, let them that desire my life, assault it there, and though I cannot defend it like a man, yet I will not part with it in complement to your Lordships, and I desire to be tryed as soon as may be.

A Lord. Your Tryal will come soon enough, you will be put to death.

Cel. Blessed be God, then I hope the Play is near an end, for Tragedies whether real or fictitious, seldom end before the Women die.

A Lord. What do you make a Play of it?

Cel. If there be no more Truth in the whole Story, than there is in what relates to me, every Play that is Acted has more Truth in it.

A Lord. You talk very peremptorily.

Cel. My Lord, I thank God Death is no terror to me, and she that fears not to die, cannot fear to speak Truth.

A Lord. Withdraw, withdraw, Mrs. Cellier.

Cel. Before I go, I will tell you something of Sir *Robert Peyton*; he told me, that though the Earl of *Shaftsbury* was out of the Council, yet his power was as great as ever, for he had a strong Party there, and he knew all Transactions as soon as the Council rose, for he had a Nephew there, and there was a person always ready at his House, to run away with Intelligence of what passed at Council to the Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

A Lord said that was very like, how else should the Examinations taken there come to the Press so soon? some of Mr. *Gadburies* that were taken but a day or two before, lying there in Print upon the Table.

Then one of the Lords seeming to wonder his Lordships Nephew was not there, commanded me to withdraw.

Both in January and February, I sent in the following Petition, but could not possibly get it read, though I sent 5 or 6, and in the whole time of my Confinement, my Husband carried near 20, but they were still suppressed.

The

To the Kings most Excellent Majesty, and the Right Honourable
the Lords of his Majesties Privy Counsel.

The Humble Petition of *Elizabeth Cellier* close Prisoner in *Newgate*;
Sheweth,

THAT Your Petitioner hath been thirteen Weeks close confin'd, and she
having had the management of her Husband's Estate, with that of two
Faincerless Children; The most considerable Estate of which depends upon
Process at Law, and is to be try'd this next Term, and they are wholly Ig-
norant of their Affairs.

*Wherefore your Petitioner doth most humbly Pray and Beseech your Majesty
and the Honourable the Lords of the Counsel, that she may be Inlarged, or
permitted to speak to her Husband and Children before a Keeper, to advise
them how to proceed in their Suit, and thereby prevent their ruine.*

And your Petitioner shall pray.

My Husband put in several Petitions to the same effect, but could get no
Answer, inso much that he was forc'd to release *Seven Hundred and odd Pounds
for Sixty one*; A good Part of which Mony lay in Court of Chancery, and
the Master of the Rolls had made *A decretal Order for us*, but the Defendant
petitioning for another hearing, my Husband and Children not being per-
mitted to speak with me, *knew not which way to defend themselves.*

There I lay close confin'd, till the first of *April*, though my Husband daily
solicited for my enlargement. But about that time, (being dangerously sick)
I was allow'd the Liberty of the *Pres-Tard*.

Sometime in *February*, I was brought again before a Committee of Council;
A Lord. Mrs. Cellier, do you know one Mr. Pen, a Quaker?

Cel. I never see him but once.

*Lord. Did you not write to him, and give him thanks for making so good
use of the Paper you sent him?*

Cel. Yes, My Lord, I did so.

Lord. Do you use to write to Men you know not?

*Cel. If your Lordships please to have Patience, I will tell you the occasion of it.
About the beginning of May last, 6 Copies of a Paper call'd the Danby Reflecti-
ons were left at my House, by an unknown Person, with a Note, desiring me to
put them into understanding mens hands.*

*I went to Fox Hall, and made a strict Inquisition into the matter, and found
by the affirmation of many Persons, that that part of the Story was very true,
and I thought I had no other reason to doubt the Truth of the rest, and having heard
Mr. Pen plead in the Cause of New-Jersey, at Sir John Churchill's chamber,
before the Duke's Commissioners, and observ'd that he was a man of a great deal
of Reason, I thought I could not better comply with the desire of the Author, than
to send him one.*

Lord. What made you so earnest to speak with him?

Cel. I heard it abroad by the name of Pen's Paper, and found it spread much.

Lord. What had you to say to him?

*Cel. Something relating to the same matter, I suppose, but I have forgot what,
for it is 9 or 10 months ago.*

Lord. What did you with the rest?

I sent one to my Lady Powis, another to Mr. Henry Nevil. I sent one

into France, another into Flanders, and got the other copied, and sent as many as I could get to my Friends and Acquaintance.

Lord. You have been very zealous for the Cause.

Cel. My Lord, It is good to be diligent in all that one undertakes.

Which answer was the last I had opportunity to make to any in Authority until my Arraignment, which (in confidence of my own Innocence) I continually prest for.

Not but that I knew the danger, as to this Life, of encountering the Devil in the worst of his Instruments, which are *PERJURERS INCOURAGED* to that degree as that profligated Wretch was, and has been since his being exposed to the World in his true colours both at mine, and at anothers Tryal.

But the Sence that all I had done, or endeavoured to do, was prompted by a *Disinterested Loyalty to the King, and Charity to Innocence oppress'd*, without the least mixture of Mallice to any Creature breathing. *Made me with hopes expect the worst those Devils incarnate could do unto me.*

And if any thing in the World could give a probable Light where the true Plot is manag'd, mine, and my accusers Cases would do it.

For *Singly and Alone*, without the Advice or Assistance of any Catholick breathing, *Man or Woman*, I was left to study, manage, and to support my self in all my troubles to my Expence and Loss much above a thousand Pounds, never receiving one penny towards it, directly or indirectly, but ten pounds given me by the hands of a condemn'd Priest, five days before my Tryal; nor have I since received any thing towards my Losses, or the least civility from any of them.

Whilst *Dangerfield* (when made a Prisoner for apparent *Recorded Rogueries*) was visited by and from *Persons* of considerable Quality, with great Sums of Gold and Silver, to encourage him in the *new Villanies* he had undertaken, not against Me alone, but Persons in whose Safety all good Men (*as well Protestants as others*) in the three Kingdoms are concern'd.

For I hope no reasonable man can believe me so vain, as to think my Life or Fame worth the consideration of an *Industrious Faction*.

Thus have I laid open the Truth of my Case, to be believed or not believed, as Reason, Sence, and Probability shall guide Men.

And as to my own Sex, I hope they will pardon the Errors of my Story, as well as those bold Attempts of mine that occasion'd it, since in what I meddled with, as to Sir *Robert Peyton* and others (that are yet among them undiscovered like *Aushai*, and I hope will have as good success to confound the crafty Contrivances of all the old *Achitophels*, and the *Headstrong Ambitious Practices of young Absalom*) though it may be thought too Masculine, yet was it the effects of my Loyal (more than Religious) Zeal to gain Profit to his Service.

And in all my defence, none can truly say but that I preserv'd the Modesty, though not the Timorousness common to my Sex. And I believe there is none, but had they been in my Station, would, to their power, have acted like me; for it is more our business than mens to fear, and consequently to prevent the Tumults and Troubles Factions tend to, since we by nature are hindered from sharing any part but the Frights and Disturbances of them. Which that God will long preserve these three Kingdoms from, is the daily Prayers of

Elizabeth Cellier.

AN

Abstract of the T R Y A L

O F

Elizabeth Cellier.

Upon the 30th of April (80.) I was Arraigned at the Kings-Bench Bar, before the Lord Chief Justice Scroggs, for High-Treason.

Cl. of the Crown. What sayst thou *Eliz. Cellier*, art thou Guilty, or not Guilty?

Cel. Not Guilty.

C. C. Culprit. how wilt Thou be Tried?

Cel. By God and my Country,

C. C. God send thee a good Deliverance.

Cel. My Lord, I am safe in my own Innocence (as far as Innocency can make any person safe,) but since the most Innocent may be sworn out of their lives, I desire time to send for my Witnesses, some of which live very far off.

L. C. Just. How long time will you have? till next Term?

Cel. No my Lord, I desire but a fortnight; which was Granted, and I remanded back to Prison, that day I sent the following Petition to the Attorney General.

To the Honourable Sir *Creswell Levins*, his Majesties Attorney General

The Humble Petition of *Elizabeth Cellier*.

Sheweth;

THAT your Petitioner is to have her Tryal at the Bar of His Majesties Court of Kings-Bench, for High-Treason, the 14 of this Instant May.

Your Petitioner Humbly beseeches, that you will please to let her know, or otherwise to order the Clerk of the Crown to give her to understand, whether she is Indicted at Common Law, or upon any Statute; and what Statute, and that she may likewise have a Copy of Mr. Dangerfields last Pardon from his Majesty; as also Subpoena's for her Witnesses, That she may be some wayes enabled to make her Defence.

And your Petitioner shall Pray,

Eliz. Cellier.

Mr. Attorney answered, that I was Indicted upon the Statute of the 25 of Edward III. and might have as many *Subpœna's* as I would at the Crown-Office, but he knew nothing of Dangerfield's Pardon.

Then I petitioned the Lord Chancellor for a Copy of the Pardon, and his Lordship was pleased to Grant it.

May the 14. I was again brought to the Bar in Order to my Tryal, but Mr. Gadbury being Sick, (of which Oath was made by a learned Physitian that had Visited him) the Kings Council desired to put off the Tryal, but I prayed to be Tryed then, or some day that Term; And said, That I would bring my self thither, the last day of the Term, and hoped that according to the Law, I should be Tryed or Discharged.

L. C. J. That will do you little good, for there is a Proviso in the Act, if the Kings Witnesses be not sick.

Cel. My Lord, what if they will never be well?

L. C. J. You shall be Tryed the next Term, it is but a little while to it.

Cel. My Lord, my Husband will think it a great while; at which the Court laugh'd.

Cel. My Lord, he hath a great cause to think it long for he is already a Thousand pounds the worse for my Imprisonment; I have lain two and twenty weeks close confin'd, During which time my Husband put in near 20 Petitions before the Lords of the Council, to speak with me before a Keeper, but they were all reject-ed; and he had then a suit in Chancery to a considerable value, which had been heard before the Master of the Rolls, and he had made a Decretal Order for us, and a good part of the Money lay in the Court of Chancery, but my Adversary taking Advantage of my confinement, Petitioned for another Hearing; and my Husband not knowing how to defend the Cause, was forced to discharge seven hundred and odd pounds, for sixty one, because he could not be permitted to speak with me.

L. C. J. You arraign the Council.

Cel. No, my Lord it is not to Arraign them, but to make it known how I have been used, and pray redress.

Serj. Maynard. Why could not your Husband follow his Law-Suit without you?

Cel. Because he is a Stranger, and does not understand the Law.

Serj. Maynard. Then you do Gentlewoman.

Cel. No Sir, but I have got enough to make a Country Justice, and pray that I may be tryed, And if I be Guilty, punished, and if Innocent, acquitted. And that my Husband and Children may not suffer as they do by my Imprisonment.

L. C. J. You shall be tryed the first day of the next Term, and it is in compassion to you that we appoint that day.

Cel. My Lord shall I be discharged, if I be not Tryed then?

L. C. J. You shall.

Cel. My Lord the Laws I am to be Tryed by, have sufficiently compensated their denying me other Council, by allowing me you my Lords that are my Judges, for Concellors, and I will depend upon your Faithful advice with confidence, and humbly pray fair play for my life.

Judges. You shall have fair play.

Cel. I thank your Lordships.

L. C. J. Keeper of Newgate, take her back, and use her with respect.

June the 11th. (80) I was again brought to the Bar, and the Indictment

read, and the effect of it was for consulting, and expending Money for carrying on the Plot to kill the King, raise War in the Realm, and introduce Popery, and for endeavouring to cast the Plot upon others, and for employing *Dangerfield* to kill the King, and upbraiding him for losing an Opportunity, &c.

Cel. My Lord, for saving the time of the Court, I pray that no Gentleman that has been on any of the former Juries, and found the Indictment against any of them that lately had the like accusation, may be sworn against me (And in regard a great part of my Charge is for endeavouring to throw the Popish Plot upon the Presbyterians) therefore I except against all those that had not lately taken the Sacrament, as Persons that cannot be indifferent.

L. C. J. Mrs. Cellier, this cannot be allow'd, you must make your exceptions.

Cel. My Lord, the Jury ought to be chose out of the unconcern'd Neighbourhood, and every Dissenter from the Church of England is a party against whom the Fact is said to be committed, therefore none but Church of England men ought to be of my Jury.

L. C. J. Mrs. Cellier, make your exceptions. Which I did, and excepted against several that had been on the former Juries, yet admitted of Sir Philip Matthews, and others, telling them they looked like honest men, and I believ'd they would do me no wrong.

The Jury are as follows.

Sir Philip Matthews, Baronet.

Sir John Munster.

Thomas Harriot, Esq;

John Foster, Esq;

Richard Cheney, Esq;

Edward Draper, Esq;

Edward Wilford, Esq;

John Roberts, Esq;

Hugh Squire, Esq;

Thomas Goughfield, Esq;

George Read, Esq;

Richard Parrot, Esq;

The Jury being sworn, the Kings Council called the Witnesses, and first Mr. Gadbury, who attested that he knew not a tittle of the Plot one way or other, except what he heard by Common Report, and read in the Prints, nor of any design I had against the Life of the King, but acknowledges that he was Privy to, and active in bringing over Sir Robert Payton to the Kings interest, (at the said Sir Robert's request) and to bring Sir Robert to kiss his Royal-Highness's hand by my means; and said, That I did always express my self with all Duty and Loyalty; and that I told him I had carried the names of four Gentlemen, Sir Robert's Friends to the Duke, in hopes that if they were put into Commission of the Peace, it might conduce much to the breaking the measures of the Factious. And Mr. Gadbury further Declared that one Smith formerly a School-master at *Ilminster*, and another Gentleman with him came to him, and desired his Advice about going to the Lords in the Tower, pretending he could declare strange things against Mr. Oats, which might prove advantageous to them.

In order to Indicting him for Perjury, which he said I was forward to promote, and said, that I did not care if I were at Ten Pounds Charge to have it effected, but he said he refus'd to advise Mr. Smith to concern him himself either with Mr. Oats, or the Lords.

He further aver'd, that I told him I heard *Dangerfield* talk of a Non-confor-

miss Plot, and how he frequented their Clubs; and had so far insinuated into the favour of some of them, that he was promised a Commission among them, and that several Commissions were given out already. After that, Mr. *Gadbury* being interrogated by the Attorney General, to several passages signified in an Attestation which he himself had drawn up for the Privy Council, which seemed more to affect me than any thing he had hitherto said, shewing the same unto him, which when he had perus'd, he did own to be his hand-writing; and said, That what was contained therein was true, but when he wrote the same, he confessed that he raked up all that ever he could against me, aggravating every Circumstance to the utmost, and that by that reason when he was in Prison, some person or persons whom he did not name to avoid reflections, Threatened him with Hanging, &c. And that they told him two Witnesses had sworn Treason positively against him, and that I now accus'd him, and made a third; and he knowing I must swear false, as the rest had done, and being Menac'd as before, Drew up the said Accusation against me, aggravating the several expressions therein, in hopes thereby to lessen my Evidence against him, and thereby to save himself.

Then he was again interrogated; whether I did not tell him I hoped to see *Westminster Abby* full of *Benedictine Monks*, and the *Temple* with *Fryers*: he answered, That his sufferings had very much weakned his Memory, but as far as he remembered, I did not speak of any hope, but believes it was thus, What if you should see *Westminster Abby* filled with *Monks* again? and that this was in ordinary Discourse as they pass'd through the *Abby* together; And that he looked upon those Words to be no way maliciously spoken, nor regarded it further than common Discourse.

Serjeant Maynard. What Religion are you of?

Gadbury. A Protestant according to the Church of *England*.

Serj. Maynard. Such Protestants do more harm than Papists.

Gad. Sir, I am neither Papist nor Presbyterian, nor was I any of the Tribe of *Forty One*.

Then he went on with his Evidence, saying, That when the King was Sick at *Windſor*, I asked him whether he thought his Majesty would live or dye, supposing as he thought that he might have taken some notice of the effect by observing the beginning of the Distemper; but says, That I did not desire him to erect a Scheme for that purpose, nor to Calculate the Kings Nativity, and that he believes I had talked at this rate five or six times, always expressing great fears of his Majesties Death, and the Troubles that may thereupon arise through the restless Malice of the turbulent Faction Party, and that he with as great Trouble told me, he durst not presume to Judge of such and so weighty an Affair as that was.

But that he remembers he Calculated a persons Nativity for me, to know whether he would be just to me in gathering in such Debts as were due to my Husband who was a *French Merchant*; And that from thence he caution'd me to beware of him, but that he knew not the said person was *Dangerfield*, till he came before the Counsel, bringing onely the time and Place of his Birth, without making any mention of his Name, but that the said *Dangerfield* thence took occasion to swear him into the acquaintance of the Countess of *Powis*, and several Honourable Lords, whose Faces he never saw.

This was the substance of Mr. *Gadbury's* Evidence.

L. C. J. Brother you are mistaken in your Evidence.

Att.

Att. Gen. We are in this, but I hope we shall not be mistaken in others.
Then *Dangerfield* was call'd in.

Cel. My Lord, I except against his Evidence, as a person that has not the Qualification the Law requires in Witnesses of Treason, and I pray that I may be heard to prove it, and that the Court will protect my Witnesses from his Insolence, for the last time I stood here in order to my Tryal, he struck one of them here in presence of His Majesty, in the Face of the Court, and threaten'd to kill others; if they appear'd again.

L. C. J. Have you Witnesses of this?

Cel. Yes my Lord, I will offer nothing to the Court, but what I will prove by Witnesses and Records. And to do this, I have taken of a few of the Records of his many Crimes, and but a few, because I would not be chargeable to my Flusband, or troublesome to the Court. I have but Thirteen.

Judge. A pretty Company.

L. C. J. Go on then.

Cel. Call Mr. Pearson. He appear'd. I pray'd he might be sworn.

L. C. J. That may not be against the King.

Cel. My Lord it is not against the King, for the King is as much concern'd to preserve me if I be Innocent, as to punish me if I am Guilty.

And by the Statute of the Fourth of King James, it is ordered that persons accus'd shall have Witnesses produc'd upon Oath, for his better Clearing and Justification. And the Lord Cook says, That he never read in any Act of Parliament, Author, Book, Case, nor ancient Record, that in criminal Cases, the Party accus'd should not have sworn Witnesses: And therefore there is not a spark of Law against it. And the Lord Cook dyed but lately; and if there was no Law against it then, I desire to know by what Law it is now denyed me; for the common Law cannot be altered. And I pray your Lordships, being of Counsel for me, that you will not suffer anything to be urged against me contrary to Law, but that my Witnesses may be sworn, or Counsel assign'd me; to that Point of Law.

A Judge. What would you have Counsel for? This does not affect you yet. Go on.

Cel. Mr. Pearson, pray tell the Court how *Dangerfield* us'd you the last time I was here.

Pearson. I stood in the Hall; and he came and asked me how I durst Subpoena any man and not tell him for what, and struck me on the Arm.

Judge. Did he so?

Cel. Call Mr. Barrard: He appear'd, and testified the same.

Cel. My Lord, Witnesses for Treason ought to be Monest, Sufficient, Lawful, and Credible; And I will prove that he hath been Burnt in the Hand, Whip'd, Transported, Pillor'd, Out-law'd for Felony, Fin'd for Cheating, and suffer'd publick Infamy for many other notorious Crimes.

Mr. Clements, bring the London Record. He produc'd it.

Judge. Can you swear this is a true Copy.

Clem. Yes my Lord, I examin'd it. Then he was sworn, and the Clerk read the Record, which shew'd, That in the 25th Year of his Majesty's Reign he was Convict of Felony at the Old Bailey, for stealing a Tortoise-shell Cabinet, and ten pieces of old Gold, out of the House of Robert Blagrove, and being asked what he had to say for himself, that Judgment should not pass upon him, according to Law? He said he was a Clerk, and desir'd the benefit

fit of the Book, which was granted; and he read, and was (according to Law) *Burnt in the Hand*.

A Judge. Can you prove he is the man?

Cel. Call Mr. Ralph Brisson. He appeared, and testified that he was the Man, and he saw him *Burnt in the Hand*.

Cel. Call Captain Richardson. He appeared, and testified the same. Then *Dangerfield* offer'd to go away. One of the Judges call'd to him, and ask'd him whither he went? a Lawyer answer'd, to fetch his *Pardon*, for he was come without it.

ECJ. Make hast then.

Then there arose a Question among the Judges, whether *Felony* was sufficient to take away his Evidence, his Clergy having restor'd him? And an excellent Discourse pass'd amongst them upon that Subject, but I cannot remember the particulars so well as to insert it here. One of the King's Counsel alledged that he was made a good Witness by his Pardon.

*Cel. My Lord, He is not Pardon'd Felonies, Burglaries, nor Forgeries; And I will prove him convict of all these, and the King cannot give An Act of Grace to one Subject, to the prejudice of another, as this Pardon will be to me, if this prodigious Villain be thereby made a good Witness to take away my Life. Nor doth his Paydon include his Crimes. Then I produc'd a Copy of his Pardon, but remembring I was not oblig'd to believe that he had a Pardon, till he himself had produc'd it, I call'd for it back again, then the Court went off the Cause, and heard motions; but *Dangerfield* staying long, they began to examine Witnesses on his behalf.*

First, *Thomas Williamson* was call'd. Who said he knew nothing of my treating with *Dangerfield*, nor ever saw us together, but that he was employ'd in businesses of *Charley* by me, to get Prisoners out, and *Dangerfield* among the rest.

Mr. Scarlet was call'd, and said he turn'd him over to the Bench, and I paid for his *Habeas Corpus*.

Bennet Duddle was call'd.

He attested, that he had often seen *Dangerfield* and I together in the Gallery at *Powis-House*, and had seen us write, but he knew not what.

William Woodman was call'd.

And said, he had carried Letters for me to the Tower and else-where, but none for *Dangerfield*.

An Blake was call'd.

Who attested, that I sent her to *Dangerfield* in *Newgate*, and that he cry'd and pray'd her to speak to me to send him six Pounds, and that she return'd to him and told him I would send him none. Then *Dangerfield* told her he had been rack'd, and expected worse usage that night, and that she should be forc'd to turn Rogue, and ruin us all.

And that if he did not turn Rogue he should be hang'd. And that I bid her hide the Papers, saying they were *Dangerfields*, and might do him good, and she put them into the *MEAL-TUB*.

Then *Margaret Jenkins* was call'd.

And said, she saw *Dangerfield* in *Newgate*, in Irons, very poor, that he told her he had eaten nothing in two days, that she carried him half a Crown, and another time five Shillings, and after that, Money to pay his Fees; and that she saw him in the Bench.

Att.

Att. Gen. Did you not carry Letters between them?

Margaret. Yes, but knew not what was in them.

Att. Gen. Did you not carry two Vials of *Opium* to him?

Mar. I carri'd 2 Vials which he sent for, but I know not what was in them.

L.C.J. Who sent for them?

Mar. *Dangerfield* sent a Note for them to *Mr. Blasedal*, and when I brought them to him he tasted of them, and set them up in his room.

Judge. Who tasted of them? *Mar. Dangerfield* did.

Att. Gen. Did you ever see *Mrs. Cellier* in the Bench with him?

Mar. No, I never did.

Att. Gen. Did you ever see them together at *Powis-House*?

Mar. Yes, once at Dinner, and once at Supper.

L.C.J. Was any body with them?

Mar. Yes, once her Husband, and the other time three Gentlewomen.

Att. Gen. What do you know concerning *Stroud*?

Mar. She bid me tell *Dangerfield* that he must get acquainted with *Stroud*; I told him so, and he reply'd, that was done already for he had been acquainted with *Stroud* a long time, and they us'd to go a robbing together. And he told me that he fear'd neither Fire, Sword, nor Hell, and he car'd not what he said, nor swore, for he had studied to be a Rogue ever since he was Ten Years old.

L.C.J. You will make a special Witness of him by and by.

Then the Attorney General would not let her speak any more, but call'd *Susan Edwards*.

Att. Gen. What do you know against the Prisoner at the Bar?

Edwards. I carried two Notes from her to *Mr. Dangerfield* in *New-gate*, and two Books of Accompts, and a Guiney, and 20 s. in Silver, and she bid me tell him, now was the time that her Life lay in his hands.

Serj. Maynard. Did not you carry her a Letter from him?

Susan. Yes. *Att. Gen.* What was in it?

Susan. I know not, for I cannot read written-hand; but he told me he must turn Rogue and ruine all the Sect.

Judge. What Sect?

Susan. I know not what Sect, but he said, if he did not turn Rogue, he should be Hang'd.

Ser. Main. But she bid you tell him her Life lay in his hands.

Cel. And yours too Sir, if he turn Rogue, and be believ'd as others have been of late. But she's no Witness, for she robb'd me, and the very Heathens would not allow false Servants to swear against their Masters.

Cel. By the Oath you have taken, Where had you the Cloaths you wear?

Susan. Of my Father, they are none of yours. I never see you have but two Suits at a time.

Cel. Did you ever see any thing Dishonourable by me?

Susan. Yes, He went into your Chamber one Sunday Morning.

L.C.J. Was her Husband there? *Sus.* No. He was gone to Church.

L.C.J. He were best take care how he goes to Church.

Cel. My Lord, I appeal to your Conscience, as you sit there, whether you think any thing but Innocence durst ask that Question; And to prove it is so, there is a Woman has served me 26 Years, be pleased to examine her.

A Lawyer within the Bar said, To me it is a plain proof of her Innocence as to that point. *Serj. Maynard* then made some malicious reflections thereupon.

Cel. Pray Sir, is that Treason by the Statute of the 25. of Edward III. It is not in this Innocent Age.

Susan. She said she doubted not, but the Plot would turn to a Presbyterian one; and I heard *Dangerfield* say so too; and that he would make it his Interest to find it out; And she said, if he did, she should see him keep his Coach and Six Horses, and then he should marry her Daughter.

L.C.J. What would he have Mother and Daughter too?

Susan then prated very impertinently.

Judge. Will that Impudent Wench never have done prating? Turn her out.

Then she went and stood among the Clerks, Prating, and behaving her self impudently, till they scold at her, and thrust her out of Court.

Then the Lord Chief Justice made an excellent Speech, of what sad Consequence it would be to admit such profligated Wretches to give Evidence; and that the three Kingdoms might have cause to rue such a days work, and that it would be an in-let to the greatest Villanies, to destroy our Lives, Liberties and Estates, with much more to the like purpose.

Judge. This Fellow will come no more.

L.C.J. Call him, shall we stay all day?

Cryer. *Dangerfield, Dangerfield, Dangerfield, &c.*

After he had been called five or six times, the Lord Chief Justice commanded a Tip-staff, to go into the Hall and look for him: Which he did; and after a long time *Dangerfield* came with a **Black-Box**, at which the Court laughed, saying here comes the **Black-Box**, here comes the **Black-Box**.

L.C.J. You have been long in going to the Temple,

Dang. I went to the Exchange; Here is my Pardon.

It was observ'd that his Hands did so shake and tremble, that he could not open the **BOX**.

Cel. My Lord, he is not Pardon'd **Fellony, Burglary, perjury, nor Forgery**: And I will prove him notoriously Guilty of all these.

The Clerk read his Pardon, and all these Crimes were omitted.

Cel. My Lord, he is Convict of **Fellony**, and Out-law'd thereupon; *Mr. Lane* bring the Chelmsford Record: he produc'd and prov'd it.

The Clerk read it, which said he was Convict of **Fellony and Burglary**, for breaking the House of *Robert Tetterton*, Shoe-maker of Windsmore-Hill, and taking thence a linnen Bag worth a Penny, and Four Pounds Ten Shillings in Money; he broke Prison, and was Out-law'd thereupon.

Kings Counsel. How do you know this is the Man?

Cel. He is the Man, and I will prove it by the party that was Rob'd, and the Constable out of whose hands he broke.

Call *Robert Tetterton*, and *James Eaton*.

The Cryer called, but they came not.

Cel. My Lord, I fear he has Murther'd them, for *Tetterton* was here yesterday, and told me, that *Dangerfield* threatned to kill him, if he appeared any more, and said, That he went in danger of his Life.

L.C.J. Call them again, look about the Hall for them, which they did.

Clements. My Lord, I see *Tetterton* in Court this day.

Then the Cryer called them again, and a person was sent to the Houses adjacent, to call them, but in vain.

Then the Kings Council would not admit him to be the Man mentioned in the Indictment, because it was there *Tho. Dangerfield*, Labourer, and the Pardon was *Tho. Dangerfield* Gentlemen.

Cel. My Lord, if he be the person Pardon'd, he is the person Out-law'd, for both are *Thomas Dangerfield* of *Waltham Abby*.

Judge. Is there any more *Thomas Dangerfields* there?

Dang.

Dangerfield. Yes, my Father and a Cousin of mine, which uses to come there sometimes.

Kings Council. Said I must prove him the man.

Lawyer within the Bar. Brother trouble not the Court, for he is the Man.

L. C. J. Come, I will not admit it could be your Father. *Mrs. Celliers*, have you a Record of Perjury.

Cel. My Lord, *Phoebe of Forgery*.

Judge. Have you one of his being Pillory'd?

Cel. I have four, bring the *Salisbury Records*.

They were produced and proved, and one of them read, which said that in the Thirtieth year of the King, he was indicted at *Salisbury*, for putting off a Gilt Shilling for a Guiney, to which Indictment he Pleaded Guilty, and was Condemned to stand in the Pillory three hours next Market day, with a Paper on his forehead, signifying his Crime, and after that to pay five Pounds to the King, and that he stood in the Pillory according to Sentence.

Cel. My Lord, I have 3 Records more to the same effect, to all which he Pleaded Guilty.

Judge. No, it is enough.

After all this *Serj. Maynard* and the Att. General would had him allowed a good witness, saying all these Crimes are Pardoned under the Title of Offences and Transgressions.

Cel. A Pardon cannot make him an honest Man, as all ought to be that are Witnesses in Treason, Nor can the King give him an Act of Grace to my prejudice, as this Pardon will be, if it make him a good Witness to take away my Life. *Mr. Langhorn* desired that *Mr. Reading* might be examined, and the Lord Chief Justice North denyed it, saying he had been in the Pillory, and had his Testimony been allowed, I doubt not but *Mr. Langhorn* had been alive. And shall this prodigious Wretch that has been burn'd in the Hand, Whipt, Pillory'd, Convict of all manner of Crimes, and stands out-law'd for Felony, be allow'd a good Witness to take away my Life, and such a Gentleman as *Mr. Reading* be denyed to give Evidence to save, because he had been on the Pillory for endeavoring to do that which if he had done, it had not amounted to one of those many Crimes this Villain Pleaded Guilty to. And I beseech the Court to consider, That if such Witnesses be allowed, Liberty and Property are destroyed.

Attor. General. *Mr. Reading* was not Pardoned.

Cel. He is not Pardoned neither, for he is Out-law'd for Felony, which is not incerted in his Pardon, and is otherwise notoriously known.

K. Council. None but Villains are fit to be employed in such Designs.

L. C. J. They are fit to be employed, but not fit to be believ'd, and we ought not to hood-wink Justice for such a Stigmatiz'd, Whipt, Pillory'd, Burnt in the hand Fellow as he notoriously appears to be.

Then *Dangerfield* submissively bowing; said My Lord, this is enough to discourage any one hereafter, from entering into good and honest Principles.

L. C. J. It will discourage Rogues from daring to appear before a Court of Justice.

Then his Lordship told him his own in very apt words, with a recapitulation of his Crimes; saying, he did not, nor would not, fear nor spare such as he was.

Then Judge *Dolben* stood up, and said, That no man that had any spark of Grace or Civility, would dare to appear before a Court of Justice, being guilty of such Crimes, and that no man of common sense, would take away the life of a Man on such Evidence.

Then the Lord Chief Justice gave short directions to the Jury, telling them he knew nothing they had to do, for that nothing material appeared against me.

And they unanimously cryed out, Not Guilty.

Clerk Crown. Kneel down.

Cel. Kneeling, said God preserve the King and his Royal Highness, and bless this Honourable Court.

L. C. J. *Dang.* have you any security for your Good behaviour to answer the felony.

But *Dangerfield* having none, the Lord Chief Justice said, Take him away, take him away, and secure him. Then was *Dangerfield* presently disarm'd, who trembling, and looking as if he had been just going to be Hang'd, Cryed out, Whither must I go? whither will you carry me? Then he shed Tears in the Court, and was by the Officers presently conveyed to the Kings Bench Prison with a numerous Train of Attendance, where the Gentlemen Prisoners received him according to his Merit. But he not liking his entertainment, desired to be lock'd up till the Marshal came home, and then for his better security was sent to the Common-Side, where the Prisoners had like to have Pump'd him.

But

But his Phanatick friends bringing him good store of Money, both Gold and Silver, he spent it very freely among them, so by that means escap'd that Storm, and there remained in the custody of the Marshal, till he was brought to the Bar by order of Court, and pleaded a general *New-gate* Pardon, in which his name was inserted, and so was discharged, with good advice to leave off his former wicked courses, and take up some imployment to live honestly, for his thread of Life was so fine spun, that he could expect no more favour from any Court.

The tryal being over, the Gentlemen of the Jury sent for me up into the Room where they Din'd, and told me, there was a Guiny a Man due to them, I Answer'd, *I had cost my Husband a great deal of Money already, much more than my Person was worth, and was not willing to put him to any Charge I could avoid; And I hop'd they would consider my condition, and not expect Money from me.* They reply'd if I had been cast, the King must have paid them a Guiny a Man, upon which I promis'd if it were a due Debt I would send it to Sir Philip Matthews on Monday, but finding it was not, I sent him this following Letter.

Honoured Sir.

I Have considered upon your demand of a Guiny a peice to each Gentleman of the Jury, and find that it is in no sort due. How great soever the ruin is I lie under by the villany of my accuser, I would have made hard shift but I would have paid what was justly due. But upon your second thoughts, I am assur'd you will not forfeit your Spurs by oppressing the Distressed, see, Your selves and the Laws have preserv'd from a raging Dragon. Pray Sir accept of, and give my most humble Service to your self, and all the Worthy Gentlemen of your Pannel, and Yours and their several Ladies. And if you and They please, I will with no less fidelity serve them in their Deliveries, then You have done me with Justice in mine, and thereby preserv'd Liberty and Property, as much as, Honoured Sir.

Your most Humble Servant, Elizabeth Cellier.

Monday the 14th of June the Jury sent one Mr. Squire, a very civil and understanding Gentleman, to demand the Guinies of me, we argued the Case a while, and he went away very well satisfied.

On Tuesday morning another came, that was as rough and inconsiderable; and among other things he told me, that the D. of B. gave them two Guinies a Man. I replyed, if I had been a Dutchess, I would have given them five; But I was a poor Woman, and had been much wrong'd, and to prevent further inconvenience, I would not injure my Innocence, nor their Justice, so much as to give them any thing but my humble Thanks, which I pray'd him to accept of, and give to them all. He went away in a great heat, expressing his resentment in such Language as I will not spoil Paper with.

This is all I can call to mind, of what pass'd at my severall Examinations, and Tryal, and I hope the judicious Reader will pardon what is either forgot, or not well express'd, in consideration that I was forc'd to defend my Life, both against the Knights and the Dragon, for in this unequal Combate there was no St. George to defend me against him, but Sir C—Sir J—Sir R—and Sir George also stood by my accuser, to manage his Malice against me.

Yet I could not but pity those learned Gentlemen, (one of which would have been infinitely too hard for all these together,) which have been accused in this accursed Plot, that so many of them should come arm'd and arrayed against me, and be forc'd to blush at the weakness of their Combatant.

But God, the Protector of Innocence, hath for this time delivered me from the rage of that wicked Enemy, and his Fellow-plotters.

But how long either my self, or any other Loyal Subjects, shall be secure from the like Conspiracy, God only knows.

He sent from above, he drew me out of many Waters.

He delivered me from my strong Enemy, and from them which hated me, for they were too strong for me.

They prevented me in the day of my Calamity, but the Lord is my stay, Ps. 18. 16, 17, 18.
Finished, Fryday, July the 2d. By Elizabeth Cellier.

A Psefcript to the Impartial Readers.

ON *Monday* the 16th. of this Instant, the Sheet *F* was taken in the Press, and my Self and the *Printer* brought by Messengers before Mr. Secretary *Fenkins*, and he caus'd us to give Bonds and Security to appear before the Lords of the Council, and in the meantime not to print any further.

On *Wednesday* the 18th. I appear'd before their Lordships, and testified the truth of what I had written, saying, *I publish'd it, because I would come again before their Lordships; and did then accuse Sir William Waller, Mansel, Dangerfield, and their Confederates, of High Treason, for endeavouring to raise a Rebellion, and for conspiring against the life of his Royal Highness. And proffered to make good my Charge, by the Testimony of persons of Honours, Persons of middle Quality, and unsputed Reputation, and by some of their own Companions. And their Lordships were pleased to promise that we should be heard.*

Thursday the 19th. According to their Lordships' order, I came to Mr. *Guin*, the Clerk then in waiting, to give security for my good Behaviour, and to appear at the *Kings Bench-Bar* the first day of the next Term, and though several good House-keepers proffer'd themselves, he would accept of none but such as himself knew; which, though it was very difficult for me to obtain, I was forc'd to do it. After Security given, he would not let me depart, till I had paid 3 l. 2 s. 6 d. And though I told him that two *Justices* of the Peace expected me at that hour, to go with them to take the Examination of a Person that then lay Sick, and desired him to let me go, and I would send the Money to him, as soon as I came home. Yet he commanded *Otterbury* the Messenger to take me into custody till I paid it; and I was forced to stay till I sent home for Money, and by these delays lost the Opportunity of meeting the Gentlemen, and could not examine the party that day; and the next he was taken Speechless, - as he still continues. By this means I lost a most material Witness; Yet doubt not but to make good my Charge, if the rest may be heard.

I hope the Readers have not forgotten, that after it had been proved before the Lords of the Council, that *Dangerfield* stood in the Pillory at *Salisbury*, Yet, upon his single Evidence, the Countess of *Powis*, the Earl of *Castlemain*, and other persons of considerable Quality, were Committed, and I was close Con-

fin'd two and twenty weeks, and after that, Try'd for my Life;
Fine the 11th.

But though Treasonable Practices have been sworn against *Dangerfield*, by Justice *Foster*, Justice *Harvey*, Mr. *Thomas Hill*, and my self; Yet the Gentleman walks abroad undisturbed, and daily consults with his Confederates, how to act new Villanies.

These things make me very sensible of the great Difficulties and Discouragements I am like to meet with; But I hope the God of Truth and Justice will protect me, and bring me through them all, and pluck off the vails, and discover both Truth and Frauds bare-faced.

And whensoever his Majesty pleases, to make it as *Safe and Honourable to speak Truth*, as it is apparent it hath been Gainful and Meritorious to do the contrary, there will not want Witnesses to testify the truth of more than I have written, and Persons that are above being made *The Hangman's Hounds for weekly Pensions*, or any other Considerations whatsoever.

And though I have been *two and twenty Weeks confined*, and two and thirty Weeks a Prisoner, and my Charge and Losses much exceed a Thousand Pounds; I do not yet so much fear the smell of *Newgate*, as to be frighted for telling the Truth; nor is Death so great a Terror to me, but that I am still ready to seal the same with my Blood.

August the 21st. 1680.

Elizabeth Cellier.

THE MATCHLESS PICARO;

A short Essay of the Fortune and Virtues of Seignior
Don Tomaso Ganderfieldo, alias Francisco
De COROMBONA.

Bray a Fool in a Mortar, yet he will not depart from his Folly. PROV.

Being importun'd by some friends to write a *Narrative* of the *Famous Achievements* of the *Virtuoso* who accus'd Me, I have endeavour'd their satisfaction; But upon a diligent Search, I find the Records of his Worth so many, and so chargable to take off, that neither my Pen nor my Purse are able to perform their Request. But because their Expectation should not wholly be frustrated, I have review'd his half-witted *Narrative*, between which, and that of the worthy Gentleman Mr. Roderick Mansel, I find so great an agreement, as satisfies me they had accorded their Stories before the Papers were lodg'd in *Ax-yard Westminster*: And also, that both *Narratives* were dictated by the same Spirit, (one being a true Transcript of the other,) but chiefly, that Don Roderigo, and Seignior Thomas, are both tight Romantick Heroes, and have added much to the small adventures of others, and related many imaginary ones of me, which never entered into my thoughts, I having from my Childhood abominat'd such Practices.

But they have been very silent in their own most *Suspicious Affairs* and *Endeavours*. But all their *Spirits* being absent, it would much have derogated from their Worth to have blown the *Trompets* of their own fame; And because I am inform'd that a Person of great Understanding in the *Worthy Collonel's Affairs*, is writing a large *Narrative* of his Projects in *IRELAND*, and *HERE* also; Therefore I will say no more, but leave him to that Fate which usually attends Men of his Spirit and Loyalty, both in this World, and in the next; And give you an Abstract of Seignior Don Thomas Ganderfieldo, Francisco de Corombona, &c. his Recorded Virtues, and what himself hath told to many Persons that are ready to attest it upon Oath, together with the great *Chancellor* I have receiv'd of him from the Inhabitants of *Waltham Abby*, the place of his Nativity, where they affirm, that before he was Seven years of age, his Fingers were such *lute twigs*, that he could not enter into any House but something would stick to them; and being corrected by his Father, (for the many Thefts he committed,) he ran away, and wandering up to *London*, was receiv'd into *St. Bartholomew's Hospital*, where, when a year old his Father found him: But (as he hath done since,) he stoutly disown'd his Father, and would not go with him; However, his Father took him home, and (if himself may be credited,) from that time he *swore to be a Rogue*, and before eleven years of age he agreed with one *Jemmy a Scotch-Man*, and robb'd his Father, and run away into *Scotland*, where, (as young as he was) he committed some Crime which he said would have cost him his Life, had not the Laird of *_____* (before whom *Jemmy's* Father and his Prosecutor brought him) taken pity on his Poverty, and dismissed him with a small sum of Money to bring him to *Edinburgh*, where the young Don being arriv'd, and finding *Scotland* no place for his purpose, he projected how to change

M

Countries:

Countrys : And some Gentlemen, being then at *Edenbrough* ready to Imbarque for Spain, they entertain'd him for a *Pagey*, and transported him into a warmer Climate, but soon turn'd him out for his *old Tricks*; then (as he

* Margaret Jenkins, and others, to whom he told it, with more of his *Virtues*, and strange attempts then can be contained in one sheet of Paper; with Proofs that he will sit a Slave to Truth, Faithfulness, and Impartiality, at the worthy Colloquies professes to be in the Eloquent Harangue before his Famous Narrative.

says) he turn'd *Mendicant* from Dore to Dore for about a Month; after which he became a *Soldiers Boy*, and not being able to live on Three Halfpence a Day, he then resolv'd to fall to the practice of the *Thieving Trade*, and amongst other *Virtues*, he also learn'd to *Guild Copper Cobs*, and made them pass for Gold, and plaid such Pranks, that (being too young to be put to Death) he was mark'd by the Ezechutioner of *Port Ferrara* with an

N and a G in large Gun-powder Letters on the Back of his Right Hand, and then last out of the Town. And being almost starv'd, a Master of an *English Vessel* in Charity brought him back for *England*, being now about 14 or 15 years of age. Then the wandering *Don* return'd to the Father he formerly deny'd to own; But he refus'd to receive him, yet had Compassion on his miserable condition, and put him as an Apprentice to a *Barber*, from whom he ran, and fell so close to the *Thieving Trade*, that by his own Confession, and the Testimony of others, he was condemn'd to be hang'd before he was 17, but obtain'd a Pardon of Transportation, and went into *Flanders*; But though he chang'd Countries, Qualities he chang'd not, for in a few years he became so great a proficient, that he counterfeited the Prince of *Orange's* Hand and Seal, and was committed to the Castle of *Antwerp*, where he lay long, and had been starv'd, (as himself says,) but for the Charity of the *English Nuns*, who every day sent him Meat and Drink. About 12 Weeks after his Commitment, he was try'd and condemn'd to be Hang'd; But Father *Worsly*, an *English Priest*, (after the charitable example of the *English Nuns* at *Antwerp*, who not only fed this starv'd Snake, but also sav'd and supported Captain *Spurr* in the late Danger) by earnest solicitations procured his Pardon, and brought it at the critical Minute, when one end of the Halter was about his Neck, and the other to be taken away. This charitable Person also collected 10 odd Pennies, and gave it him, to bring him over into *England*; and to put him into an honest way to live, and so dismiss him, with much good Counsel, which he never had Grace to follow.

Some Months after, he was 18 years old, he arriv'd in *England*, and fell close to his old Trade, and had such success therein, that in the 19th. year of his age, and,

London. In the 25th. Year of His now Majesties Reign, he was indicted at the *Old Bailey*, for stealing a *Tortoise-shell* Cabinet, and ten pieces of old Gold out of the House of *Robert Blagrave*, the Vintner that now keeps the *Crown Tavern* behind the *Old Exchange*. The Jury found the Bill, and he was afterwards try'd thereupon, and found Guilty, and being brought to receive Sentence, and ask't what he had to say for himself that Judgment should not pass upon him according to Law? he said, he was a *Clark*, and prayed the benefit of the Book; which was granted, and he read, and was burn'd in the left Hand.

Essex. At *Chelmsford*, in the said County, the first day of *March*, in the 25th. Year of His now Majesties Reign, at the Assizes held there before Sir *Thomas Twisden* Kt. & Baronet, *John Hamel* Serjeant at Law, and their Associates, &c.

The Grand Jury being sworn, did find the Bill, wherein *Thomas Dangersfield*, late of *Walden Abbey*, Labourer, the 29th. of *January*, in the 26th. Year of His now Majesties Reign, was indicted for Feloniously stealing and taking away the goods of one *Robert Tinsford* Shoe-maker, of *Windsore-Hill*, a Linnen-bag worth a penny, and 4l. 10s. in money. And the said *Dangersfield* before he came to his Tryal, broke the Prison, and so got away, and thereupon was out-law'd for the Felony, as by the Record appears.

Wilt. At the Assizes held for the County of *Wilt*, the 4th. of *August* in the 29. year of his new Majesty, before Sir *Thomas Jones*, Knight; *Thomas Burton*, Serjeant at Law, and other Associates, &c.

The Jury being sworn, and upon their Oaths did find the Bill, wherein *Thomas Willoughby* alias *Fidds*, late of *Wilton*, Labourer; did stand indicted for uttering false *Guineys* to one *John Penny*.

To which Indictment he Pleaded Guilty, and was adjudged to stand in the Pillory
next

next Market day in the open Market place for three hours from 9 till 12 with a Paper on his forehead, signifying his Crime, and afterwards to pay 5 l. to the King, and to lie in Prison till he paid it.

Wilts. II. At the same Assizes he was indicted of the like Fact, for uttering a false Guiny at *Broad-Chalk*, he pleaded Guilty, and was fined five Pounds, and to stand on the Pillory three hours at *New-Sarum* another Market day, with a Paper on his Forehead, as before.

Wilts. II. At the same Assizes he was indicted for the like Fact, he Pleaded Guilty, and was fined five Pounds, and to stand on the Pillory at *Wilton* three hours, with an inscription on his Forehead.

He stood on the Pillory twice at *Sarum*, and broke the Goal before he was to stand the third time.

Middlesex. II. In the 30th. year of his now Majesties Reign, he was indicted at *Hicks's Hall*, before Sir *Reginald Foster*, Sir *Philip Matthews*, *Thomas Harriot Esq.* and Associates, by the name of *Thomas Dangerfield*, alias *Willoughby*, alias *Moor*, Labourer; for uttering 20 false Guinies in the Parish of St. *Leonard Shore-ditch*. The Bill was found against him.

That Sessions he was tryed and convict at the *Old-Baily*, and was fin'd fifty Pounds, and to lie in Prison till he paid it.

Whilst he lay in Prison for his Fine, he there *Practised Forgery*, as Captain *Richardson* testified upon Oath, *October* the 20. 1679. before the Lords of his Majesties most Honourable Privy Council; as also, that he never had in his Custody a more *Notorious Rogue*.

About *November* or *December* following, he broke a hole through the Prison with the help of his fellows, pretending he would teach them how to make an escape; but by a Letter to Captain *Richardson*, gave him notice of their Intentions, and they were surpriz'd going forth, and rewarded according to their merit; But the *Don* escap'd Scot-free, and in reward of this Service, Captain *Richardson*, in the *January* following, got him into a general *New-pate Pardon*, for which he hath since rewarded him with the same gratitude wherewith he has ever repay'd his Benefactors; proving the old Proverb true, *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he will hang thee if he can*.

There he lay till the *May* following, for want of Money to pay his fees, at which time I paid them, and what else I did for him, and upon what inducements you may read Page the 12. and 13. How he has requited me I need not relate, *His Gratitude is Publickly Notorious* like his other virtues; in pursuit of which, I searched till I found his Name Recorded in 28 places, having been Transported, Burnt in the Hand, five times Adjudged to the Pillory, seven times Fin'd, twice Out-law'd for Felony, and broke the Goal in several places eight times; but the great Charge forced me to desist, though I have been credibly inform'd that his Acts were Recorded in many places more, both in *England*, *Wales*, *Cornwall*, and *Ireland*, but to give him his due, not one of these Records that I know of, is for Robbing on the High-way. He is too tender of his own safety, and has too great a Veneration for the memory of his Murder'd Mother, to expose her Son to any such audacious enterprise; all his Achievements are House-breaking, Picking of Pockets, Cheats, Forgeries, and Petty Larcenies, &c.

But to return to the Gentlemans Narrative, wherein he says Page 24. on the top of the leaf, that his pretended Confessor Mr. *Sharp*, injoynd him for his Penance, that twice a night, for five nights following, he should walk bare-footed from *Powis Hoyle* in *Lincolns-Inn Fields*, to *Lincolns-Inn back-gate*, and back again, which he saith he did accordingly, and that every morning for five mornings he should Discipline his naked shoulders with some *Franciscan Cords* which he gave him, and bid him be sure to follow his Advice, if he would escape Damnation.

Surely the Gentlemans Wits were gone a Wool-gathering, else he would have told his Confessor, that if lashing could secure him from Damnation, he had enough of that both in *England*, *Cornwall*, *Spain* and *Wanders*, having perform'd many memorable Penances of that kind; and particularly that of *Reading*, where he marched bare-footed, and bare-headed before the Beadle to the Towns-end, attended by all the Youth of the Place, being scourged all the way, and at the end of the Town had 20 lashes given him extraordinary, because he had not money to pay the Goals.

And having thus exercised his *Passive Valour* to the satisfaction of all the Spectators,

he was with great shoutings and acclamations, turn'd off to seek his Fortune, in pursuit of which he went to the next Town, where a Company of Soldiers was then quartered, and with great Lamentation told them he had been set upon by Foot Pads, and by them robbed of a considerable sum of money, and most cruelly beaten. These honest Souldiers received him with much humanity, fed and cloathed him as well as they could, promising him to prevail with their Captain to receive him into the Company: But the next day the fraud was discovered, for some Persons coming from Reading, made known his good qualities, with the exemplary Reward he had so lately received: The Souldiers were so offended at their misplaced Charity, that they beat and kickt him up and down like a foot-Ball, resolving to lash him severely with their Matches; and in order to it, pluckt off his venerable Coat, and the bloody Rag he called his Shirt, but when they saw his back so pittifully mortify'd, they (to use his own words) scorned to sing water upon a drownded Mouse, but let him go whither he would, and he directed his course towards London, where he arrived in great state, riding upon his Fathers two legg'd Colt, having been entertained on the way by the Charity of well-disposed Persons, &c.

Certainly, had he told Mr. Sharp his Story, he could not have been so severe to him; especially, if he had produced that undeniable proof he always carries about him, as plainly appeared to some Gentlemen that went into the Water with him last Summer, and are ready to depose that the *Mark of the Lashes* which have been so freely laid on the still visible on his back in long blue Stigmata's, Yea, as visible as the Letters on his right hand, and much more then that in the brawn of his left Thumb. This Hero is too well markt to be forgotten, though his modesty has made him so silent in his own praise, that he has omitted most of his strange and unparalleled Adventures in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Flanders, and Holland, and elsewhere on the Coast of Guiny and Barbadoes, &c. Together with the Just and Generous Entertainments he found in the Inhabited Castles of Chelmsford, Meringate, Antwerp, York, Calice, Salisbury, Wimbourn, Westchester, Reading, Abbingdon, the Gatehouse, Dublin, the Countess, the Kings-bench, with many more, too long to be related, and too Chargeable for me to take off the Records.

But as the skilful Statuary could guess at *Flourant's* height by the length of his foot, so I doubt not but the judicious Reader by the sight of the Records I have produc'd, will easily be perswaded to believe the rest, and think his life so remarkable, that it exceeds all the Worthies of his quality that have gone before him, and is unmatchable. Even in this Age, That produces such Monstrous Gigantick Masters of the Diabolical Arts, as himself, Captain Spurr, Cow the Horse-stealer, Parson Jack Lads, to understand the just value of time, Don Cappadecia, Squire of the Plow-tail, Horse Proud, Metry Tom, &c. they will tell you much of his In-
 fidelity; for he has been a great English Rogue, and the Italian Bandito men-
 one for nothing thus, he is called famous to Posterity, by being adjudged to end his days in
 the Parliament-traitor, and the Council Eves-dropper.

And therefore, beat out his Brains against the Bars of the Cage, as *Bajazet* had done, before him, this being within Mans memory, and some persons as I am credibly informed, yet living in London that have seen him; And if these Worthies of our Age have Justice done them according to their Merit, the same perhaps may live to see them as well provided for as the Publick Charge.

Psalm 121. 1, 3. The Fool hath said in his Heart, there is no God, they are corrupt, they have done abominable Works, there is none that doeth good. They are all gone aside, they are altogether filthy, there is none that doeth good, nor yet one.
 Psalm 50. 22. Now consider this ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.

I understand that the Gentleman is going to Publish his life at large, by the name of *Don Francisco de Coromona*, in attestation of the Truth of which, this short Epistle of his Fortunes and Vertues is Published by

Elizabeth Cellier.